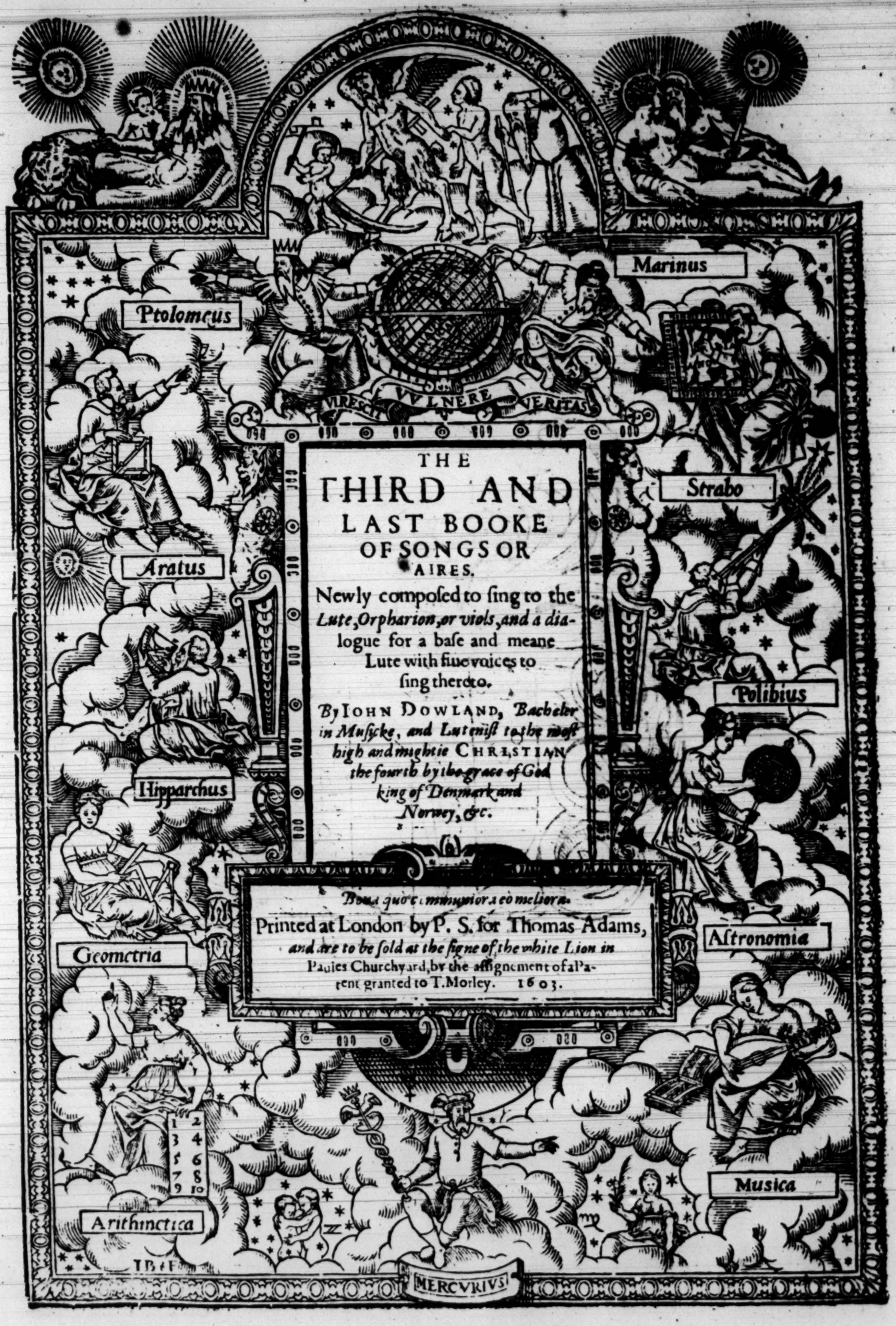


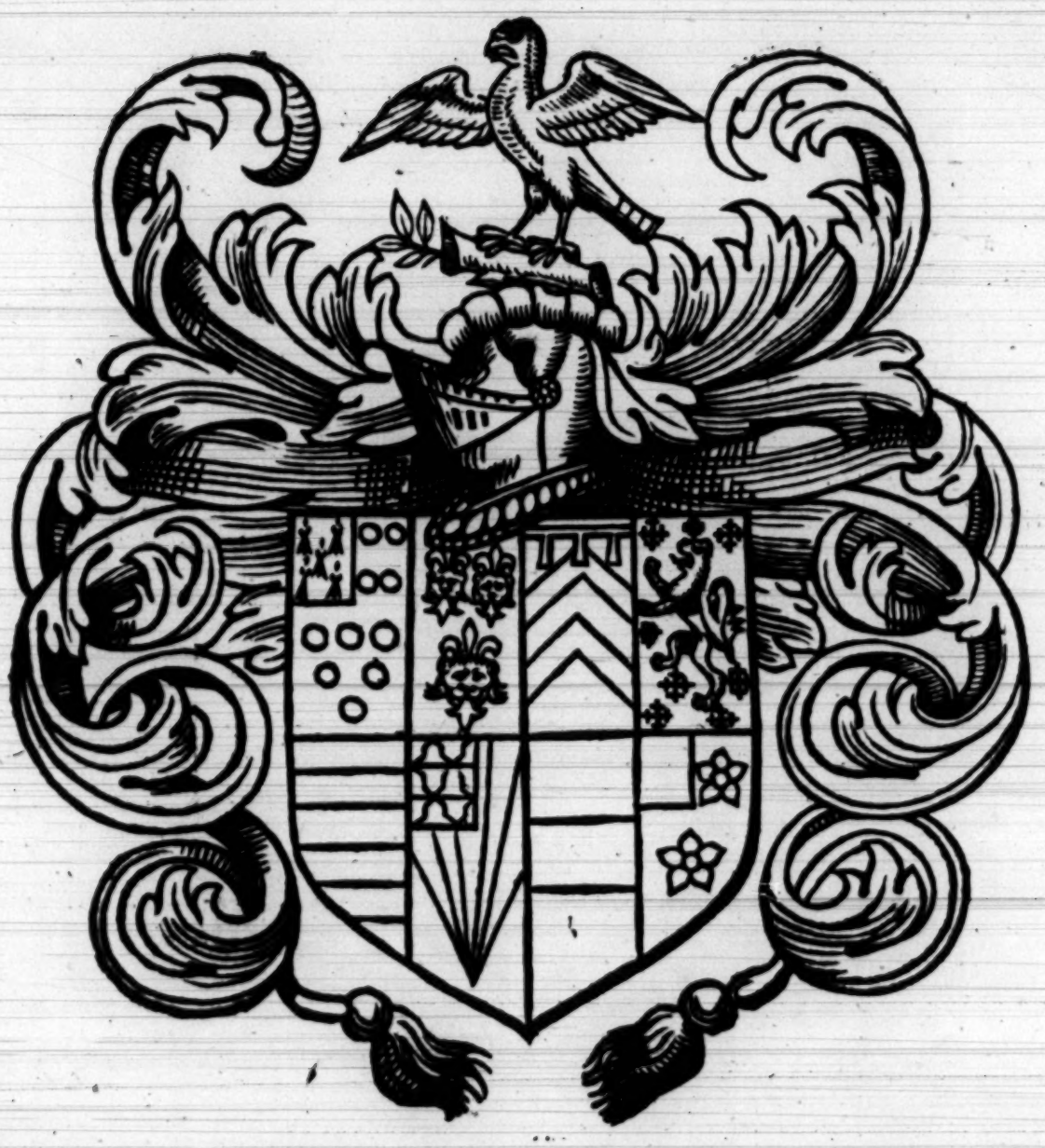
THE
THIRD AND LAST BOOKE OF SONGS OR AIRES.

Newly compoſed to ſing to the *Lute, Orpharion, or viols, and a dia*logue for a baſe and meane Lute with fiue voices to ſing thereto.

By IOHN DOWLAND, *Bacheler in Muſicke, and Luteniſt to the moſt high and mightie* CHRISTIAN *the fourth by the grace of God king of Denmark and Norwey, &c.*

Bona quo communiora eo meliora.

Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Adams, *and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the white Lion in* Paules Churchyard, by the aſſignement of a Patent granted to T. Morley. 1603.



TO MY HONORABLE GOOD FRIEND

Iohn Souch Esquire, for many curteſies for which I imbol-
den my ſelfe, preſuming of his good fauour, to preſent this
ſimple worke, as a token of my thanketulnes.

THE eſtimation and kindnes which I haue euer bountifully receiued from your fauour, haue mooued me to preſent this nouelty of muſick to you, who of al others are fitteſt to iudge of it, and worthieſt out of your loue to protect it. If I gaue life to theſe, you gaue ſpirit to me; for it is alwaies the worthy reſpect of others that makes arte proſper in it ſelfe. That I may therefore profeſſe, and make manifeſt to the world both your ſingular affection to me, and my gratefull minde in my weake ability to you, I haue here prefixt your honourable name, as a bulwark of ſafetie, and a title of grace, thinking my ſelfe no way able to deſerue your fauours more, then by farther engaging my ſelfe to you for this your noble preſumed patronage. He that hath acknowledged a fauour, they ſay, hath halfe repaide it: and if ſuch payment may paſſe for currant, I ſhal be euer readie to grow the one halfe out of your debt, though how that ſhould be I knowe not, ſince I owe my ſelfe (and more, if it were poſsible) vnto you. Accept me wholy then I beſeech you, in what tearmes you pleaſe, being euer in my vttermoſt ſeruice

Deuoted to your Honours kindneſse,

IOHN DOWLAND.

The Epistle to the Reader.

THE applause of them that iudge, is the incouragement of those that write: My first two bookes of aires speed so well that they haue produced a third, which they haue fetcht far from home, and brought euen through the most perilous seas, where hauing escapt so many sharpe rocks, I hope they shall not be wrackt on land by curious and biting censures. As in a hiue of bees al labour alike to lay vp honny opposing them selues against none but fruitles drones; so in the house of learning and fame, all good indeuourers should striue to ad somewhat that is good, not malicing one an other, but altogether bandying against the idle and malicious ignorant. My labours for my part I freely offer to euerie mans iudgement, presuming, that fauour once attayned, is more easily encreased then lost.

IOHN DOWLAND.

A Table of all the Songs contained in *this Booke.*

I. FArewell too faire.

II. Time ſtands ſtill.

III. Behold a wonder heere.

IIII. Daphne was not ſo chaſte as ſhe was changing.

V. Me me and none but me.

VI. When Phœbus firſt did Daphne loue.

VII. Say loue if euer thou didſt finde.

VIII. Flow not ſo faſt ye fountaines.

IX. What if I neuer ſpeede.

X. Loue ſtood amaz'd at ſweet beauties paine.

XI. Lend your eares to my ſorrow good people,

XII. By a fountaine where I lay.

XIII. Oh what hath ouerwrought my all amazed thought.

XIIII. Farewell vnkind farewell.

XV. Weepe you no more ſad fountaines.

XVI. Fie on this faining, is loue without deſire.

XVII. I muſt complaine, yet doe enioy.

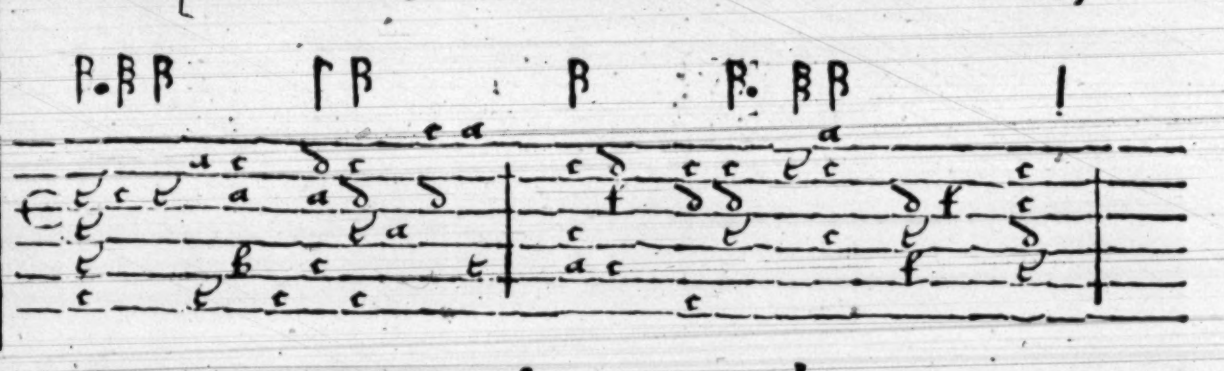
XVIII. It was a time when ſilly Bees could ſpeake.

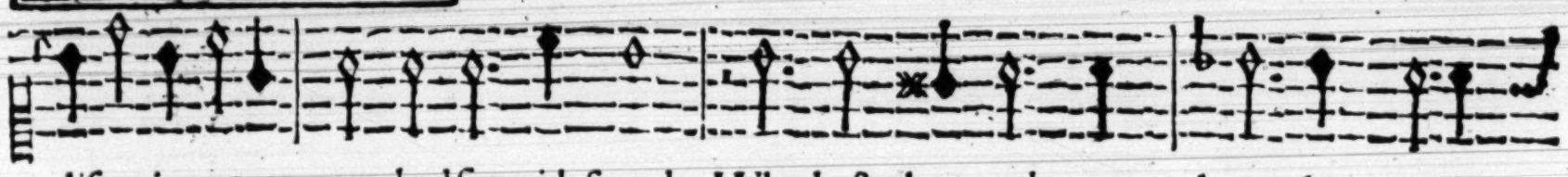
XIX. The loweſt trees haue tops.

XX. What poore Aſtronomers are they.

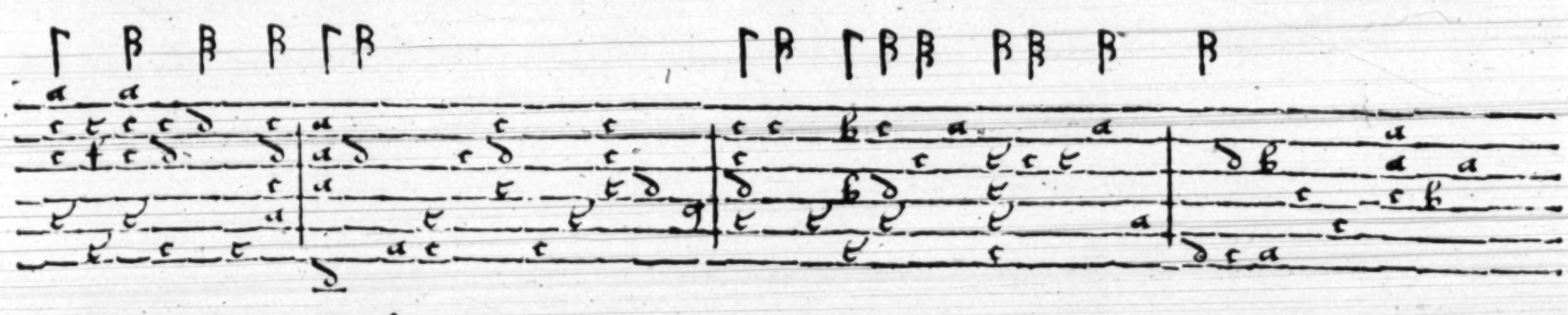
XXI. Come when I call, or tarrie till I come,

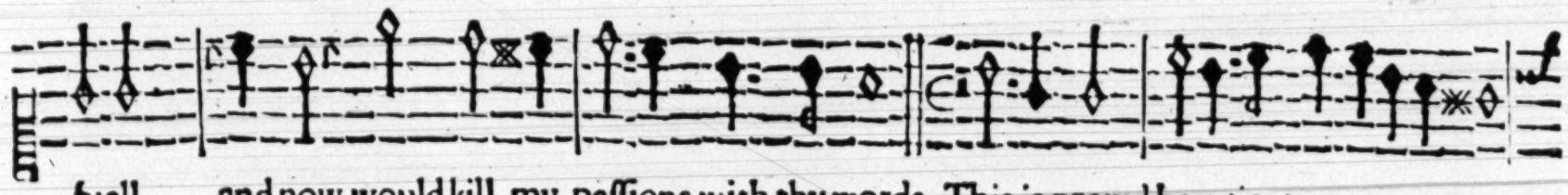
Arewell too faire, too chaſt but too too cruell,



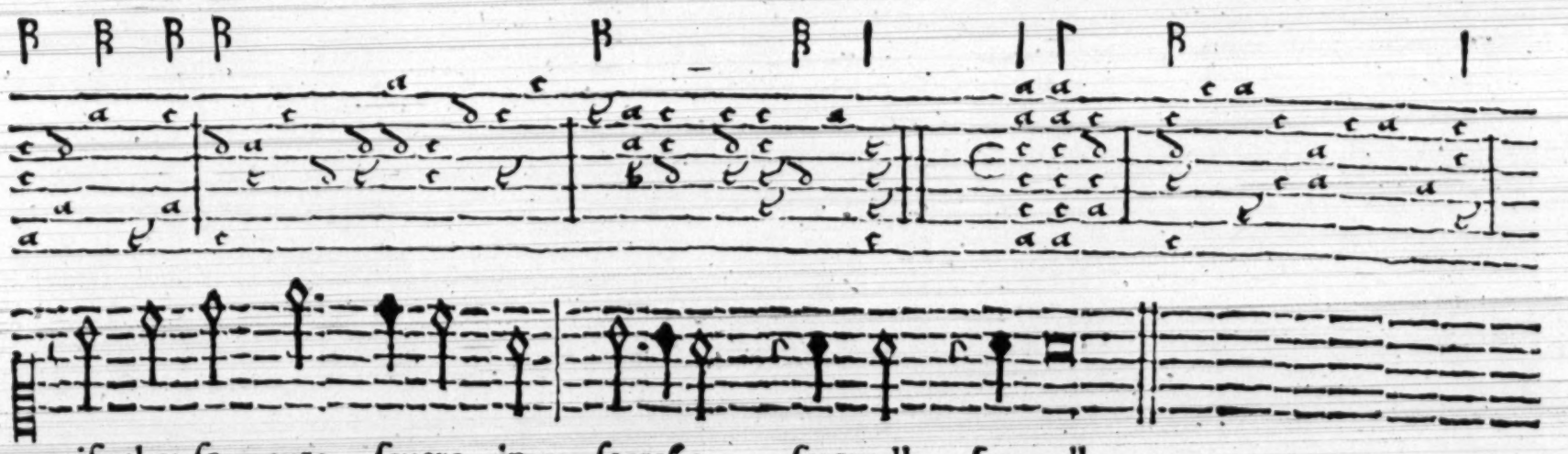


diſcretion neuer quenched fire with ſwords: Why haſt thou made my heart thine angers

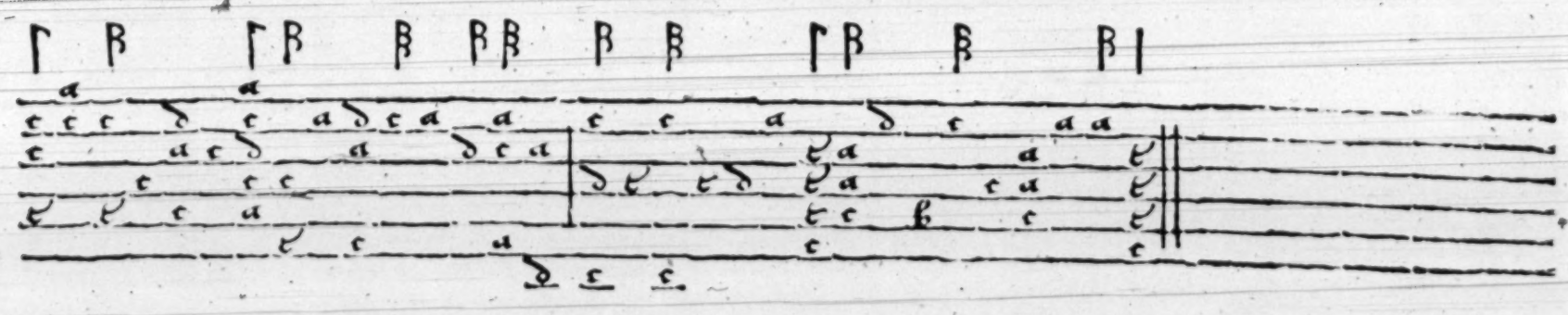




fuell, and now would kill my paſſions with thy words. This is prowd beauties true anatamy,

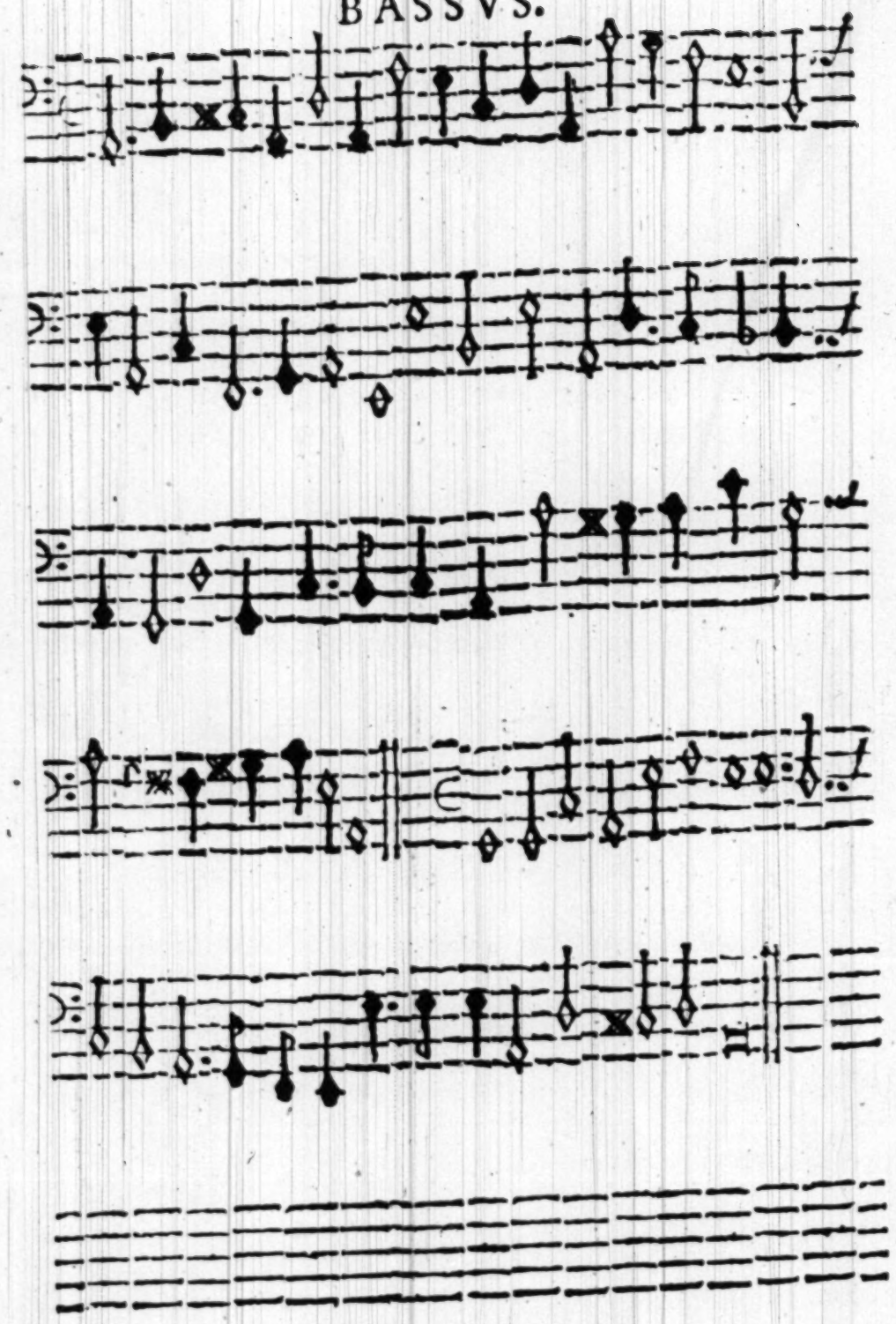


if that ſe- cure ſeuere in ſecreſie, farewell, farewell.



Farewell too deare, and too too much deſired,
Vnleſſe compaſſion dwelt more neere thy heart:
Loue by neglect (though conſtant) oft is tired,
And forc't from bliſſe vnwillingly to part,
This is prowd beauties, &c.

BASSVS.



Ime ſtands ſtill with ga- zing on her face,

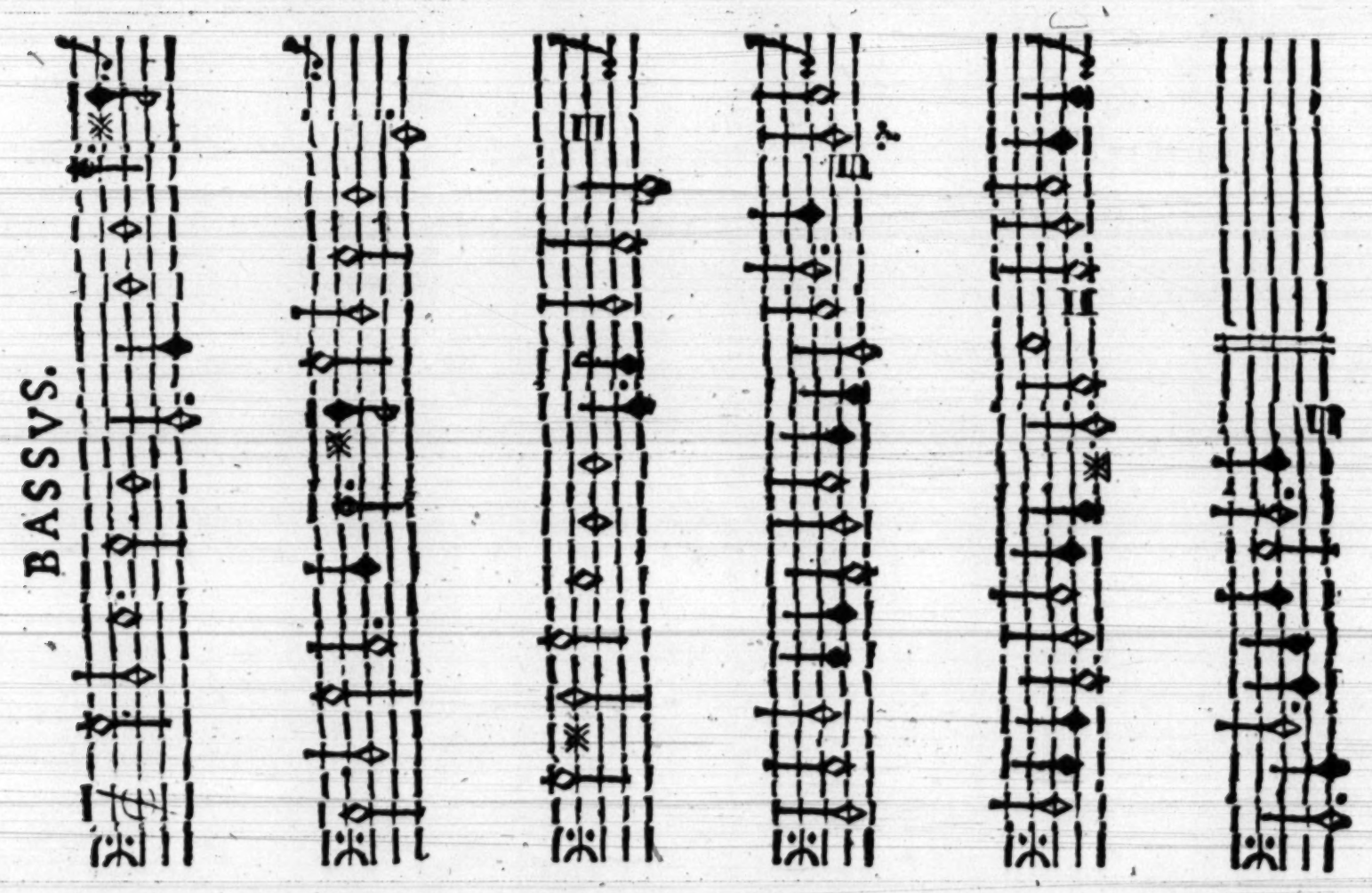
ſtand ſtill and gaze for minutes, houres and yeares, to her giue place: All other things ſhall change,

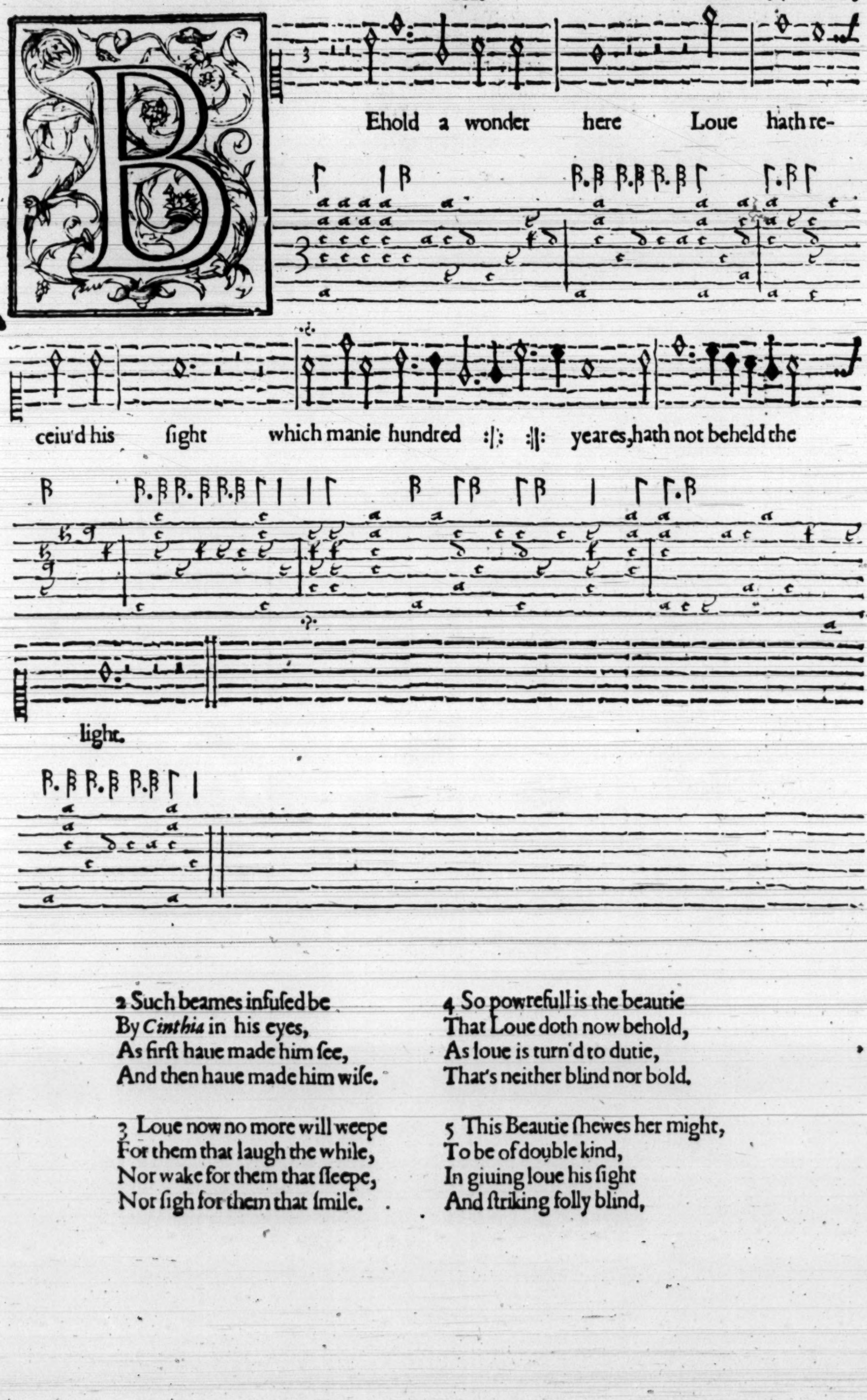
but ſhee remaines the ſame, till heauens changed haue their courſe & time hath loſt his name.

Cupid doth houer vp and downe blinded with her faire eyes, and fortune captiue at her

feete contem'd and conquerd lies.

When fortune, loue, and time attend on
Her with my fortunes, loue, and time, I honour will alone;
If bloudleſſe enuie ſay, dutie hath no deſert.
Dutie replies that enuie knowes her ſelfe his faithfull heart,
My ſetled vowes and ſpotleſſe faith no fortune can remoue,
Courage ſhall ſhew my inward faith, and faith ſhall trie my loue.



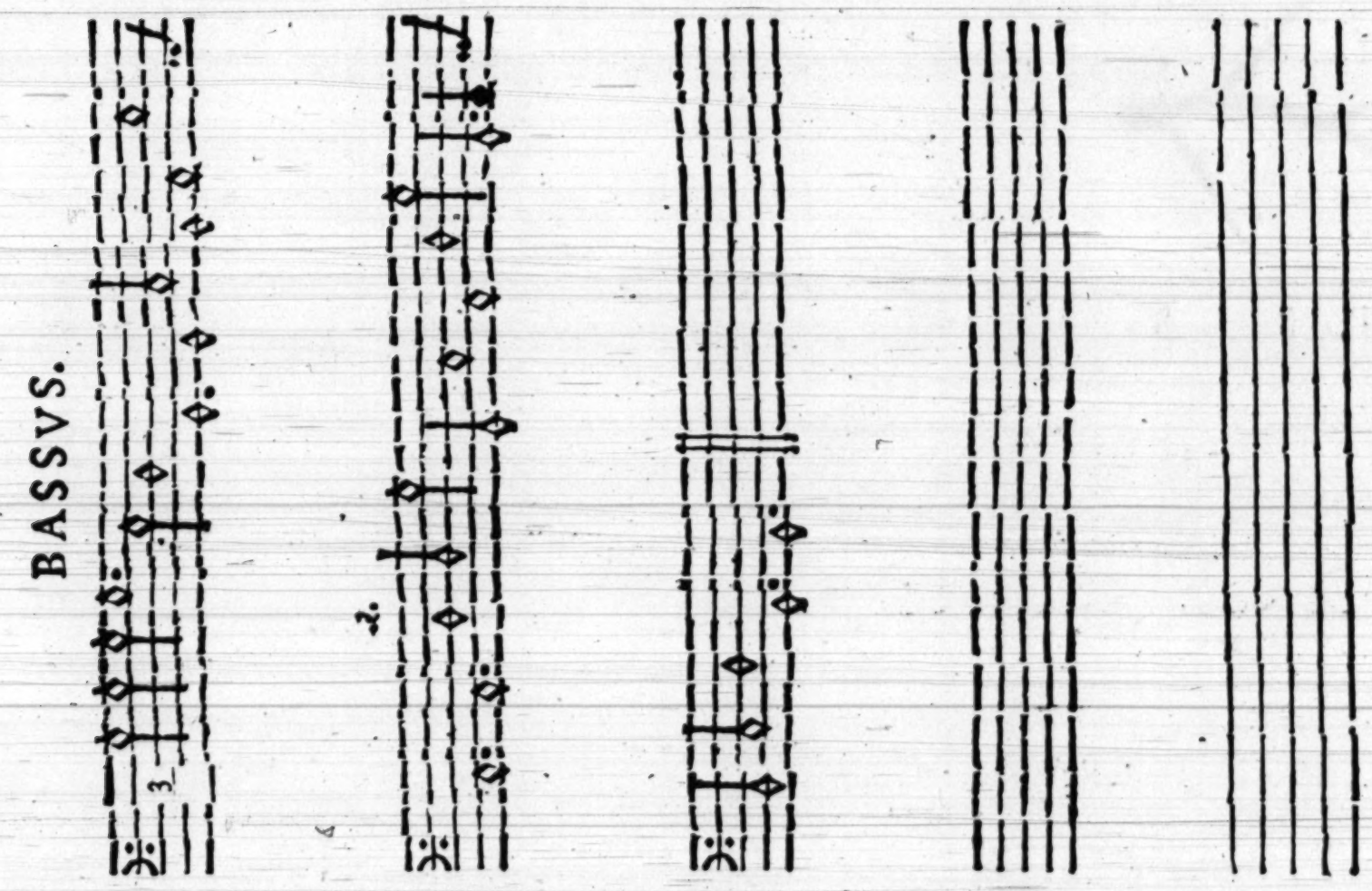


2 Such beames infused be
By *Cinthia* in his eyes,
As first haue made him see,
And then haue made him wise.

3 Loue now no more will weepe
For them that laugh the while,
Nor wake for them that sleepe,
Nor sigh for them that smile.

4 So powrefull is the beautie
That Loue doth now behold,
As loue is turn'd to dutie,
That's neither blind nor bold.

5 This Beautie shewes her might,
To be of double kind,
In giuing loue his sight
And striking folly blind,



C2

Aphne was not ſo chaſte as ſhe was changing, Soon begun he that to day triumphs with fauors graced, fals before

Loue with hate eſtranging night with ſcornes de- fa- ced: Yet is thy beautie fainde, and eu'rie one de-

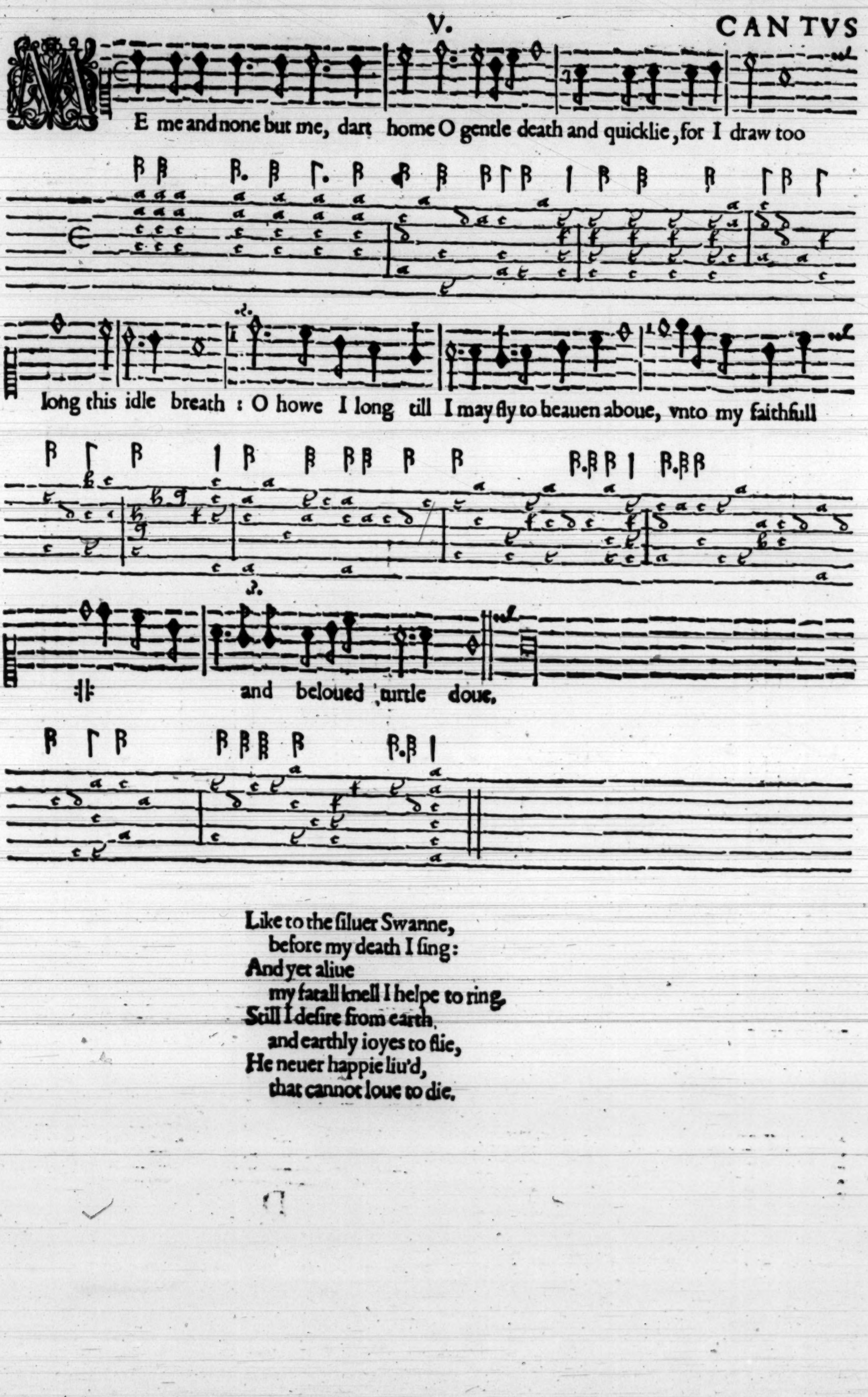
ſires, ſtill the falſe light the falſe light of thy traiterous fires.

Beautie can want no grace by true loue viewed,
Fancie by lookes is ſtill renued:
Like to a fruitfull tree it euer groweth,
Or the freſh-ſpring that endleſſe floweth.
But if that beautie were of one conſent with loue,
Loue ſhould liue free, and true pleaſure proue.

BASSVS.

Daphne.

V. CANTVS



Like to the siluer Swanne,
before my death I sing:
And yet aliue
my fatall knell I helpe to ring,
Still I desire from earth,
and earthly ioyes to flie,
He neuer happie liu'd,
that cannot loue to die.

beloued tur tle doue.

too long this idle breath. O how I long till I may fly to heau'n aboue vnto my faithfull and

ALTVS.

ME me and none but me, dart home O gentle death, and quickly for I draw

BASVS.

ME and none but mee dart home O

gen- tle death and quickly, for I draw too long

this idle breath. O howe I long till I may fly to

beau'n aboue vn- to my faithfull and beloued

turtle doue.

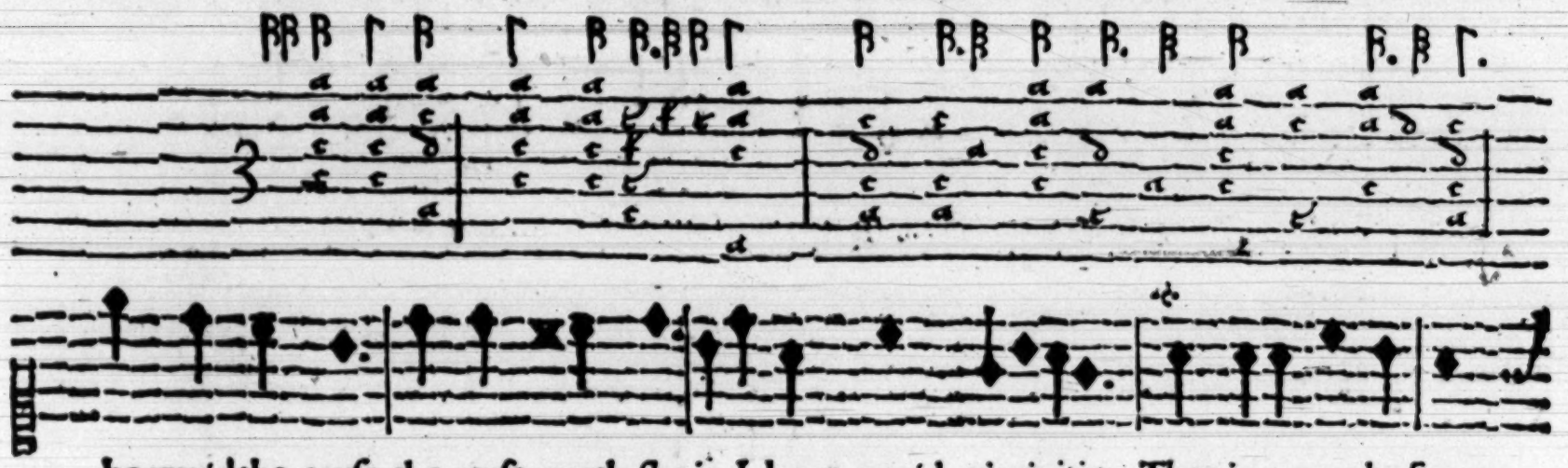
TENOR.

ME me and none but me, dart home O gentle death, and quickly, for I drawe too long

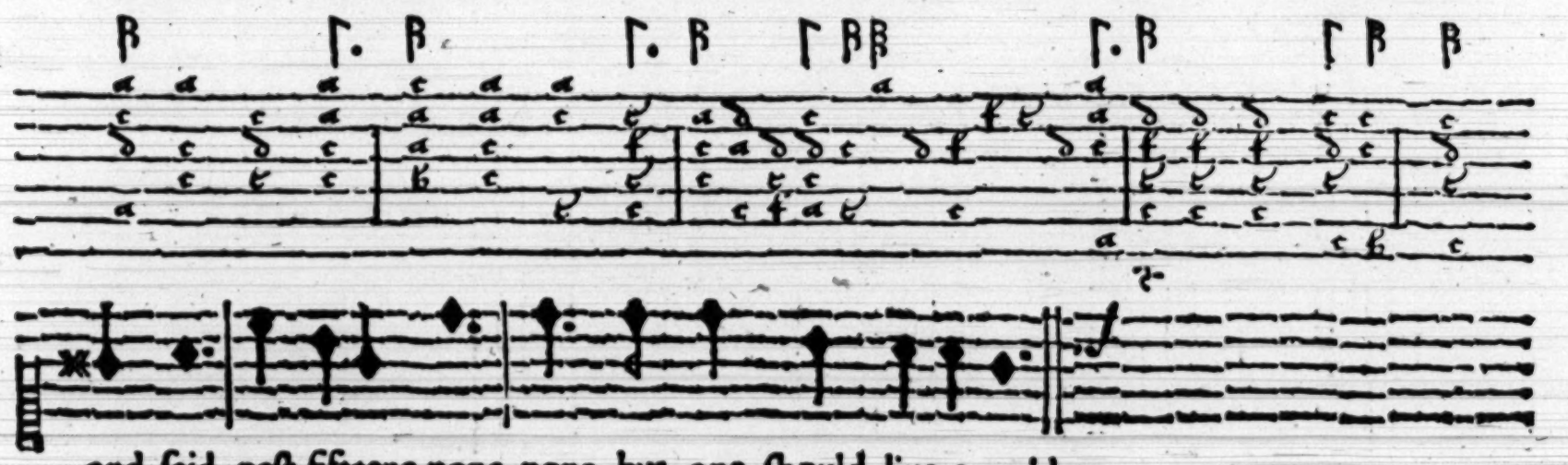
too long this idle breath. O how I long til I may fly to heauen a- boue, vn- to my

faithfull and beloued turtle doue.

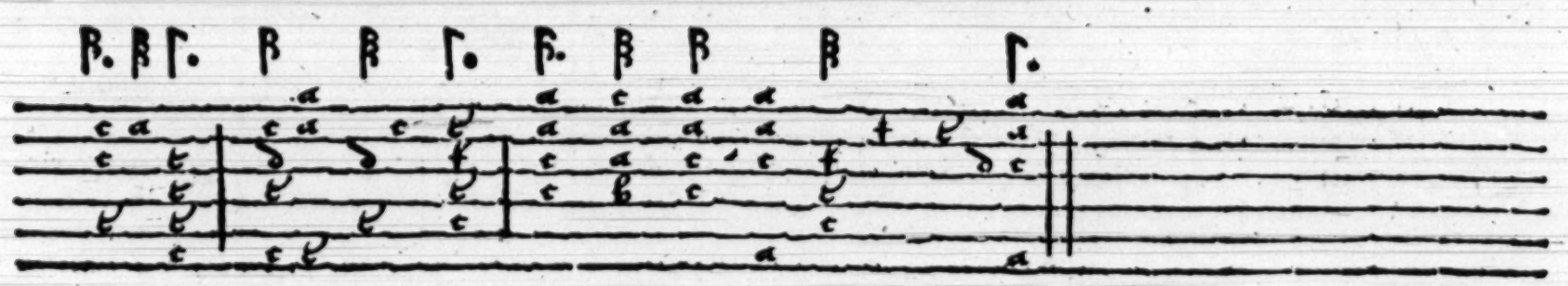
When *Phœbus* first did *Daphne* loue, and no meanes might her fauour moue



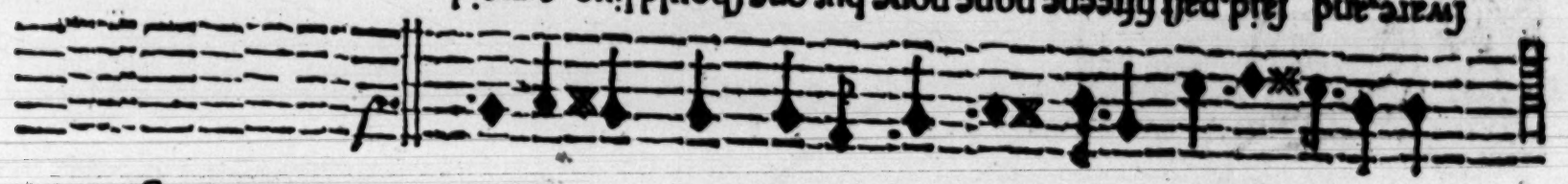
he crau'd the cauſe, the cauſe quoth ſhe is, I haue vow'd virginitie. Then in a rage he ſware,

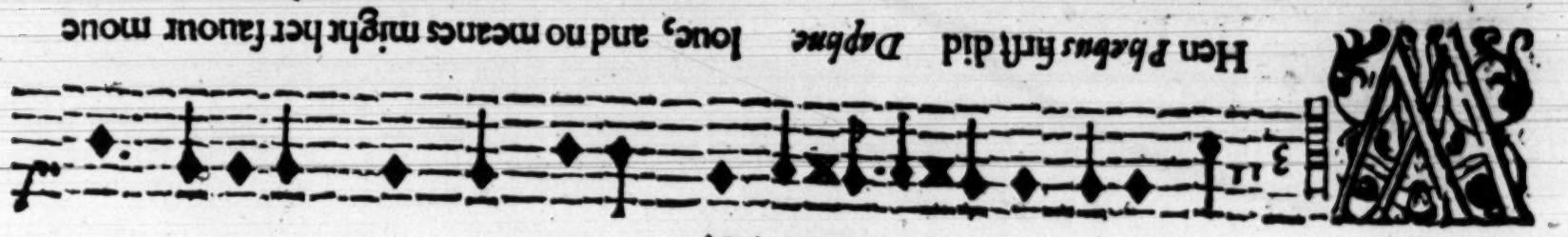


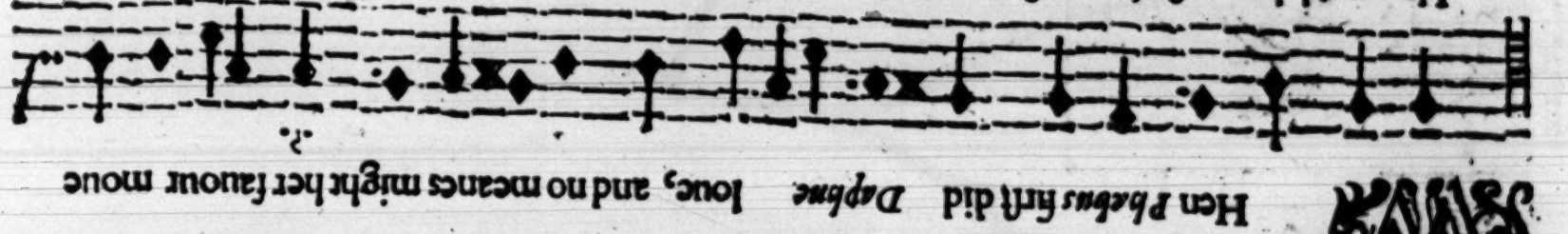
and ſaid, paſt fifteene none none but one ſhould liue a maid.



If maidens then ſhal chance be ſped
Ere they can ſcarſly dreſſe their head,
Yet pardon them, for they be loth
To make good *Phœbus* breake his oth.
And better twere a child were borne,
Then that a god ſhould be forſworne.







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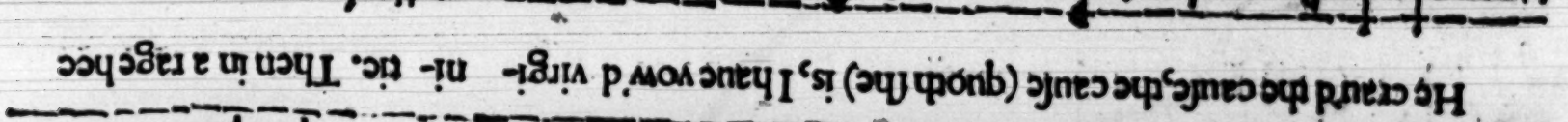
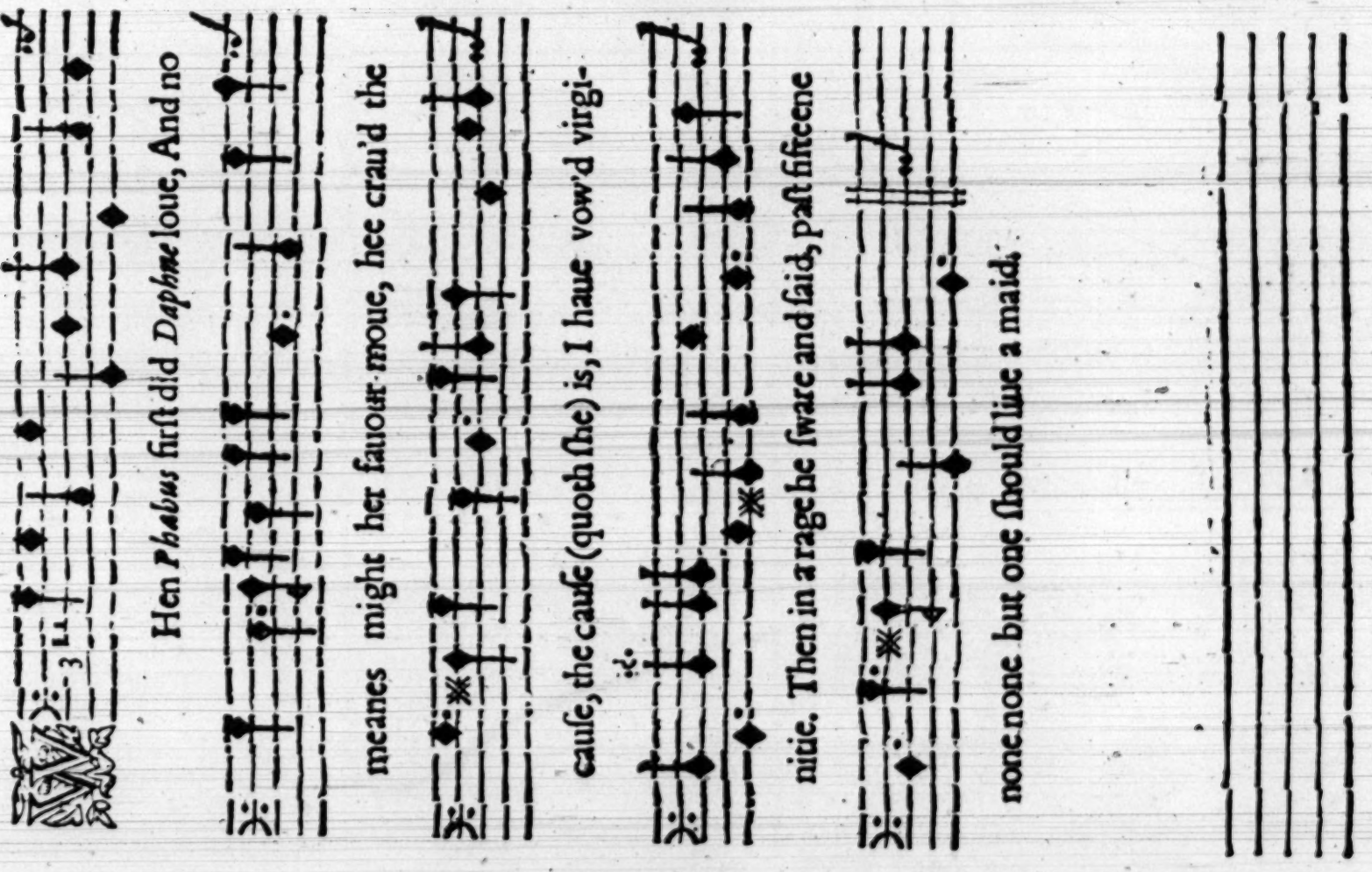
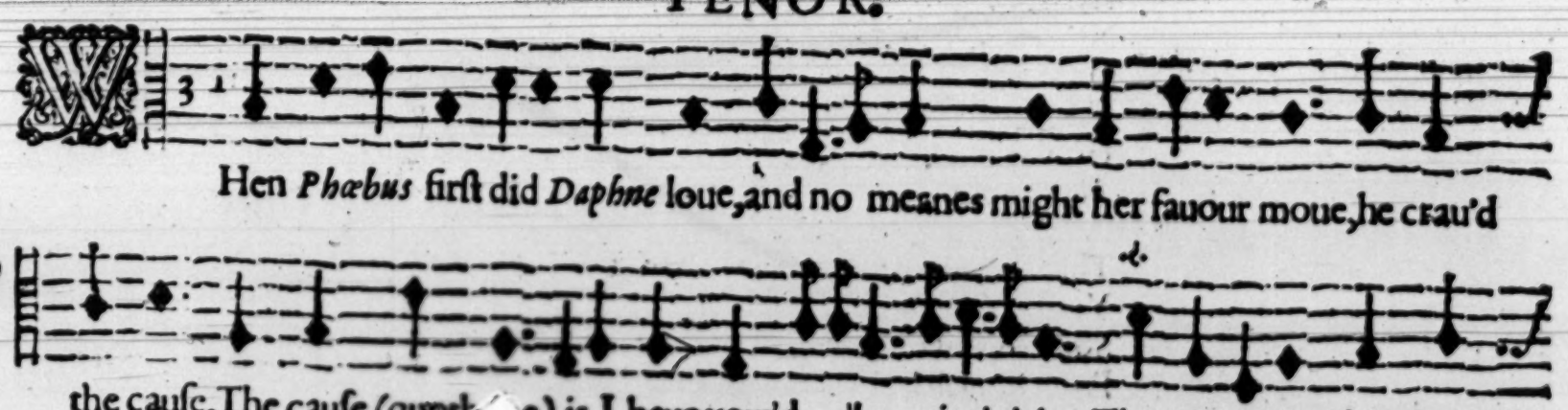


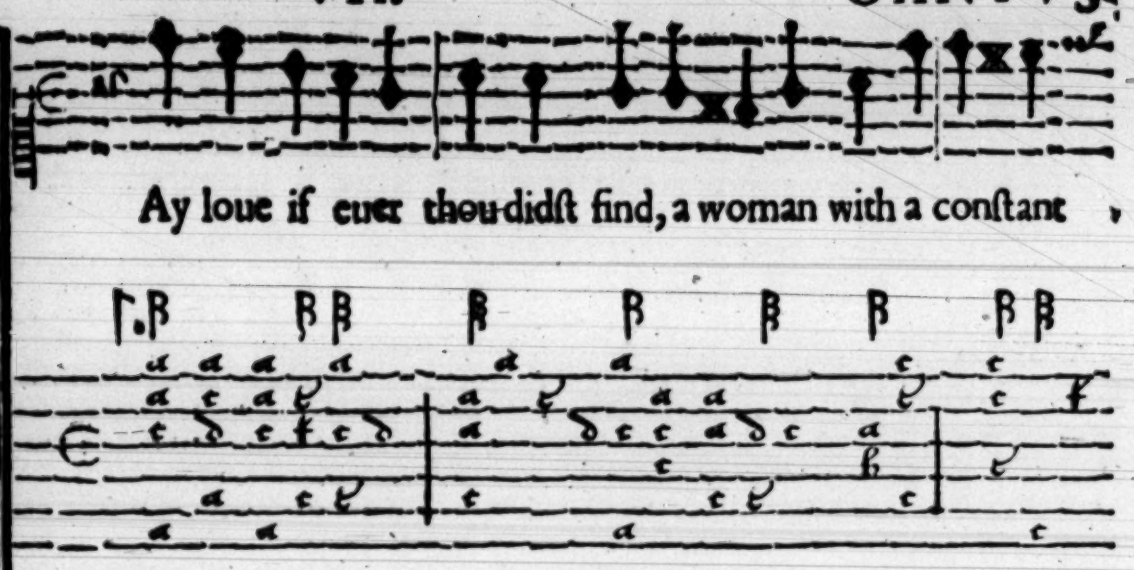


BASSVS.

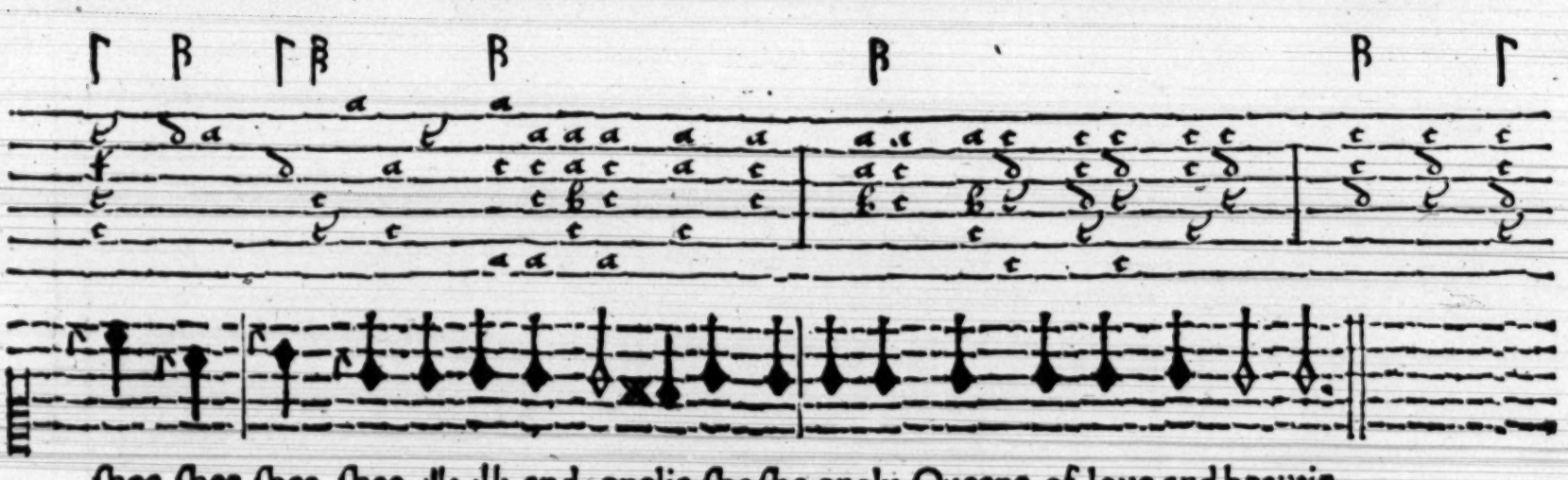
TENOR.



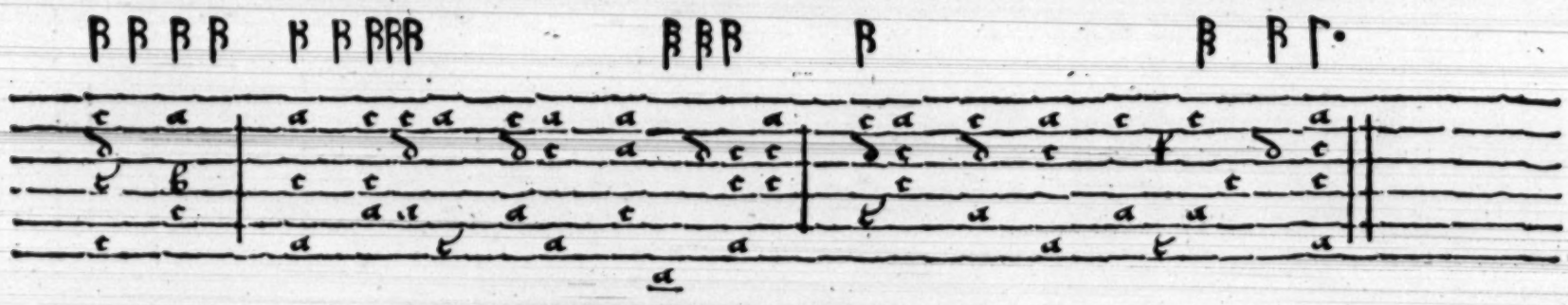
Ay loue if euer thou didſt find, a woman with a conſtant



mind, none but one, and what ſhould that rare mirror be, ſome Goddeſſe or ſome Queen is ſhe



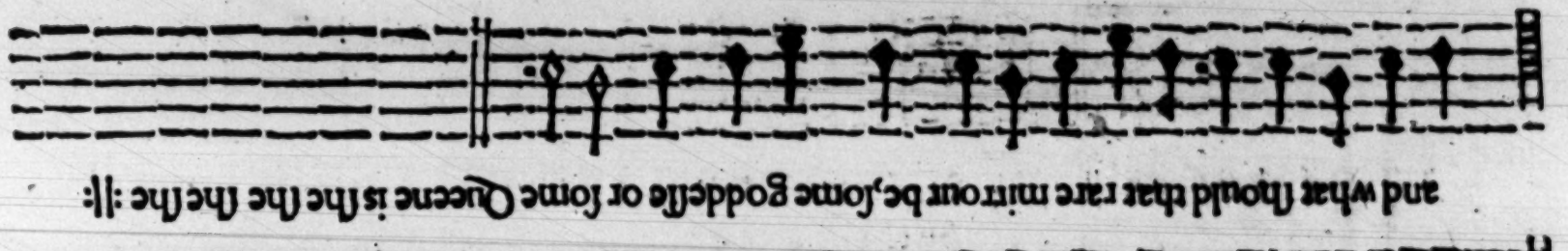
ſhee ſhee ſhee ſhee :‖: :‖: and onelie ſhe ſhe onely Queene of loue and beautie.



But could thy firy poyſned dart
At no time touch her ſpotleſſe hart,
Nor come neare,
She is not ſubiect to Loues bow,
Her eye commaunds, her heart ſaith no,
No, no, no, and only no,
One no another ſtill doth follow.

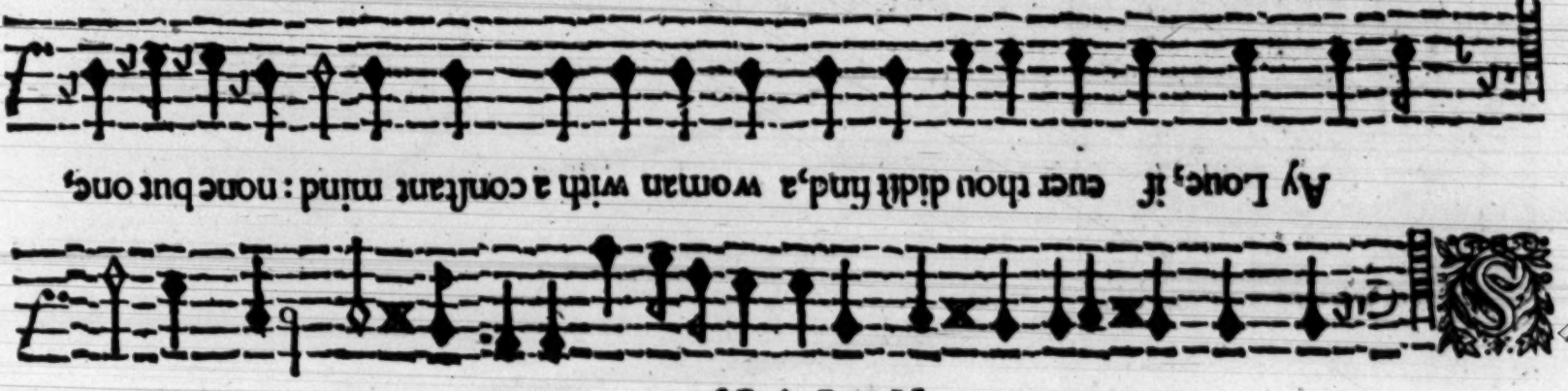
How might I that faire wonder know,
That mockes deſire with endleſſe no
See the Moone
That euer in one change doth grow,
Yet ſtill the ſame, and ſhe is ſo;
So, ſo, ſo, and onely ſo,
From heauen her vertues ſhe doth borrow.

To her then yeeld thy ſhafts and bowe,
That can command affections ſo:
Loue is free,
So are her thoughts that vanquiſh thee,
There is no queene of loue but ſhe,
She, ſhe, ſhe, and only ſhe,
She onely queene of loue and beautie.



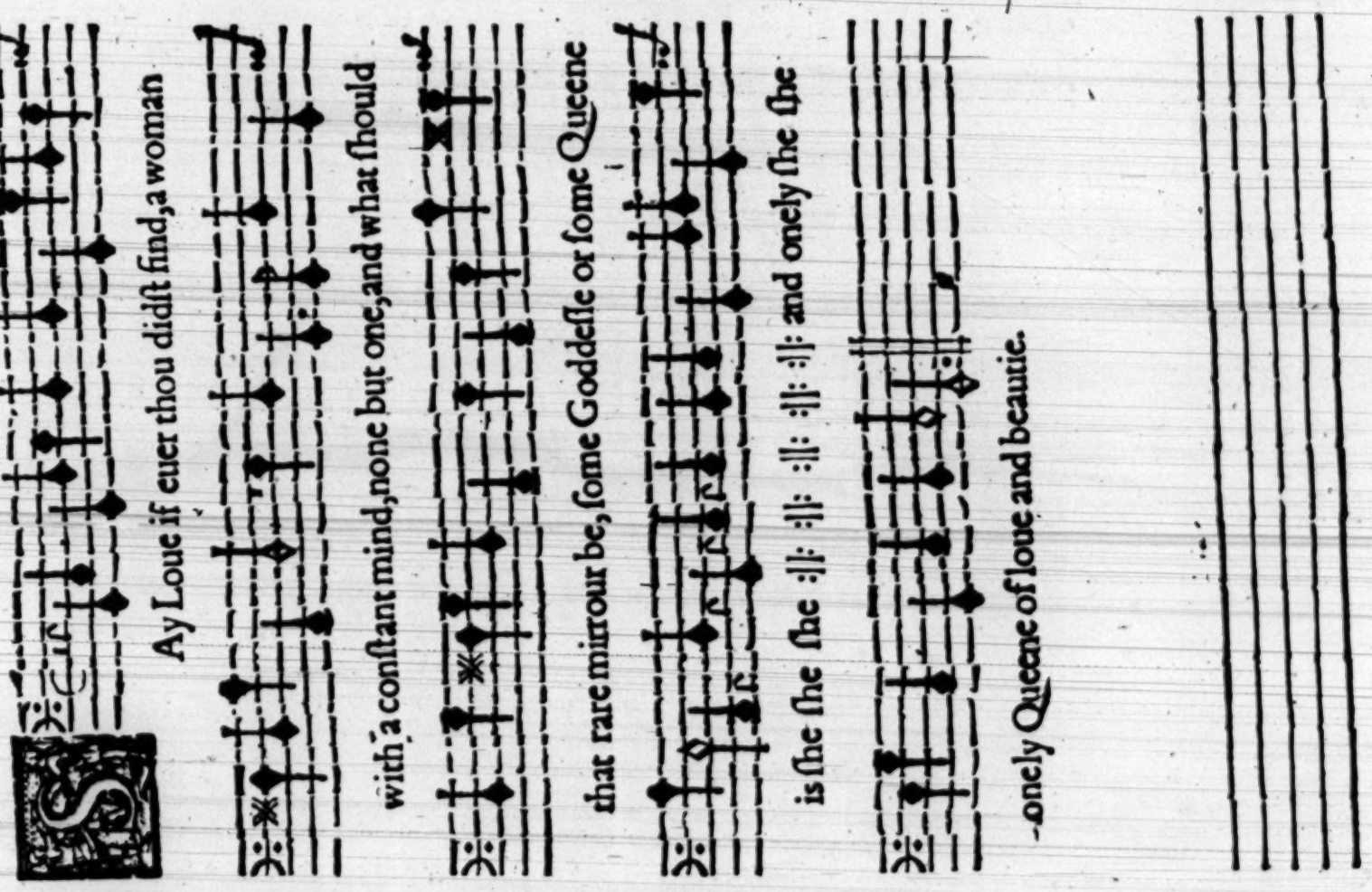
:|: :|: :|: and onely the ſhe ſhe onely Queene of loue and beautie.

ALTVS.



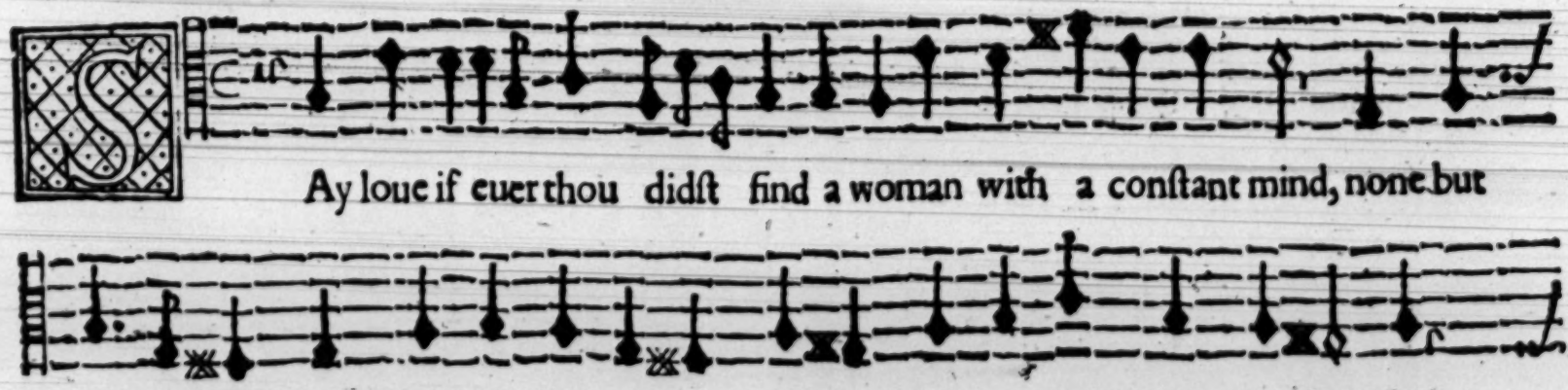
Ay Loue, if euer thou didſt find, a woman with a conſtant mind: none but one,

BASSVS.



Ay Loue if euer thou didſt find, a woman with a conſtant mind, none but one, and what ſhould that rare mirrour be, ſome Goddeſſe or ſome Queene is ſhe ſhe :|: :|: :|: and onely ſhe ſhe onely Queene of loue and beautie.

TENOR.



Ay loue if euer thou didſt find a woman with a conſtant mind, none but one, and what ſhould that rare mirrour be, ſome Goddeſſe or ſome Queene is ſhee ſhee ſhe ſhe :|: :|: :|: and onely ſhe ſhe onely Queene of loue and beautie.

Low not ſo faſt yee fountaines, what needeth all this
Swell not aboue your mountaines, nor ſpend your time in

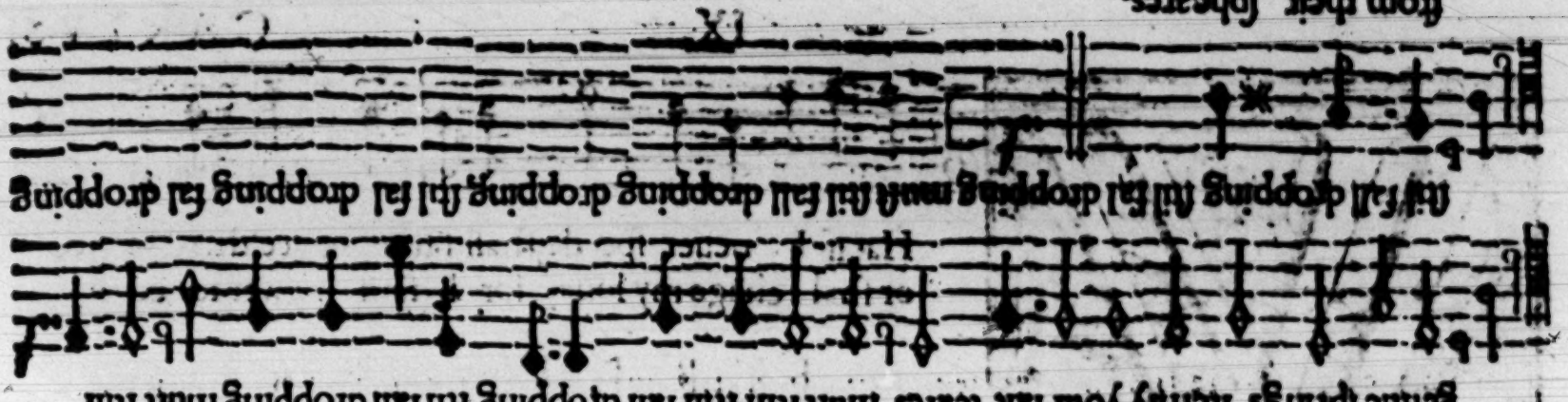
haſte, Gentle ſprings, gentle ſprings freſhly your ſalt teares must ſtill fall waſte,

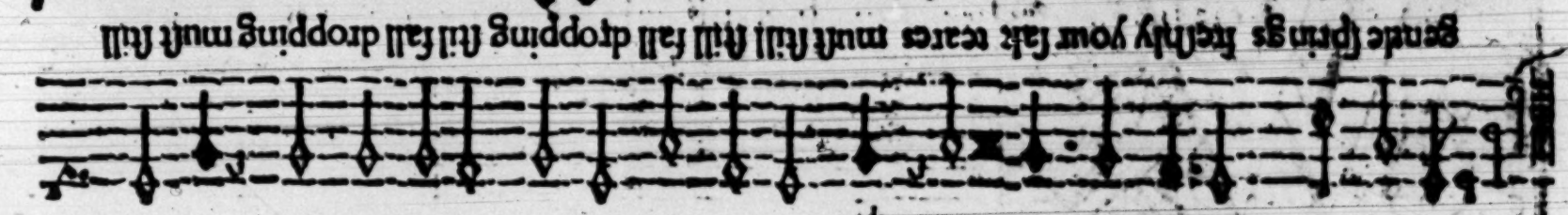
drop- ping must ſtill fall dropping dropping fall

dropping from their ſpheares.

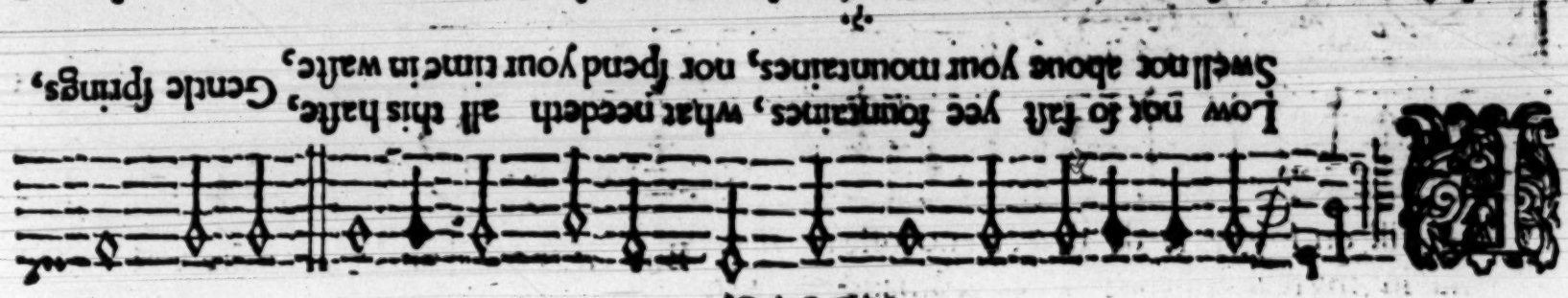
Weepe they apace whom Reaſon,
Or lingring time can eaſe:
My ſorow can no ſeaſon,
Nor ought beſides appeaſe
Gentle ſprings, &c.

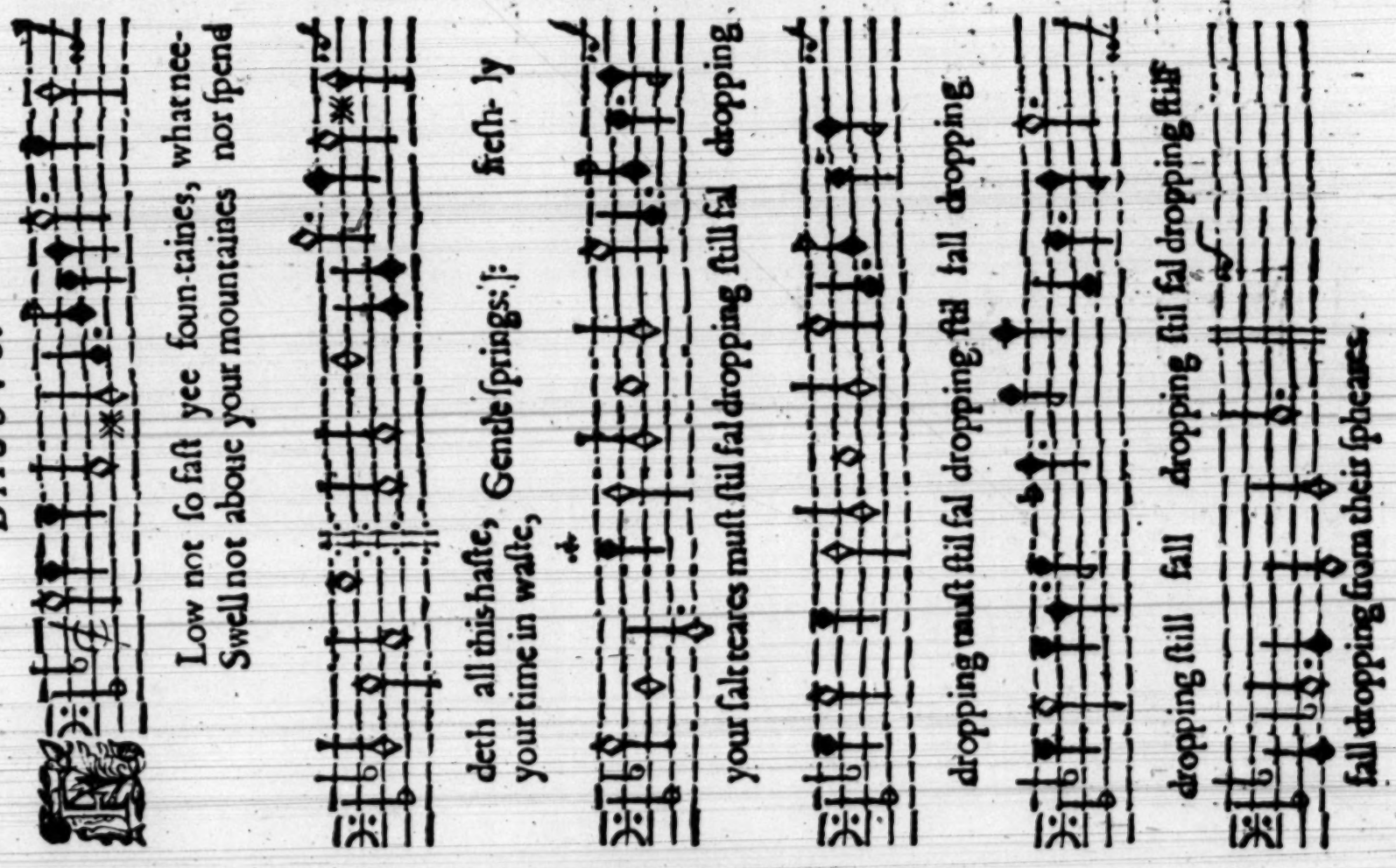
Time can abate the terrour
Of euerie common paine,
But common griefe is errour,
True griefe will ſtill remaine.
Gentle ſprings, &c.


from their spheares.
All fall dropping fall fal dropping mast fil fal dropping fil fal dropping fal dropping

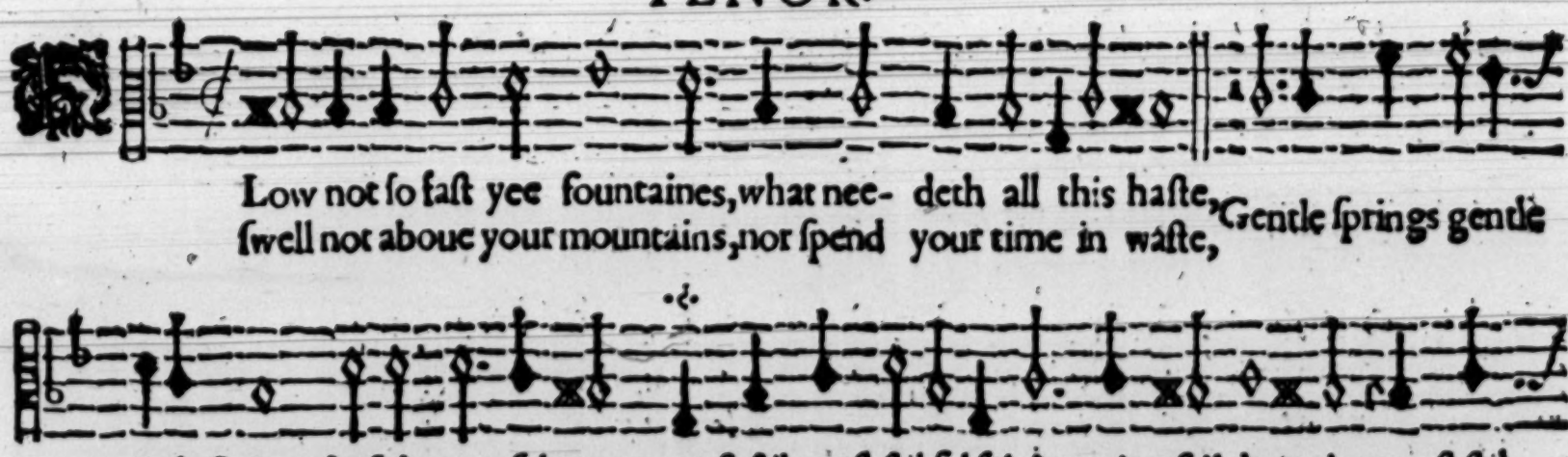

gentle springs freshly your salt teares must fall fall dropping fil fall dropping must fall

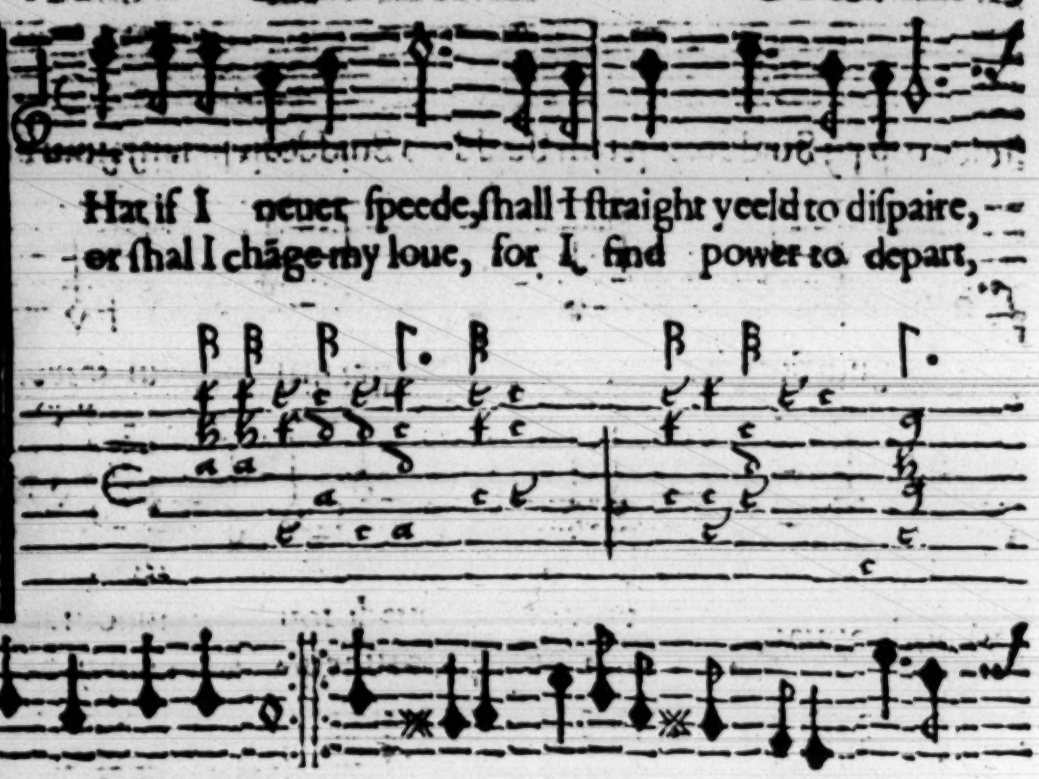
ALTVS.


Low not so fast yee fountaines, what needeth all this haste, Gentle springs,
Swell not aboue your mountaines, nor spend your time in waste,

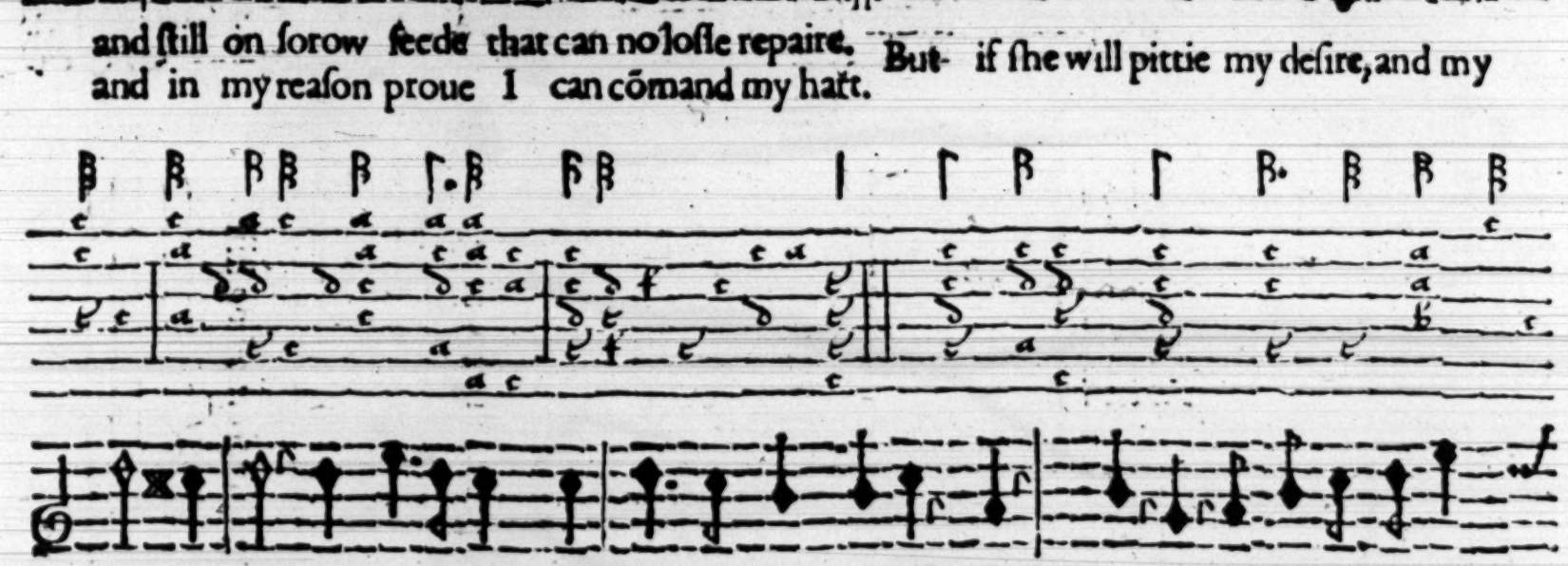

BASSVS:
Low not so fast yee foun-taines, what nee-
Swell not aboue your mountaines nor spend
deth all this haste, Gentle springs:
your time in waste,
your salt teares must stil fal dropping stil fal
dropping must stil fal dropping stil fal dropping
dropping stil fall fall dropping stil fal dropping
fall dropping from their spheares.

TENOR:


Low not so fast yee fountaines, what nee- deth all this haste, Gentle springs gentle
swell not aboue your mountains, nor spend your time in waste,
gentle springs freshly your salt teares must stil must stil fal fal dropping fall dropping must stil
stil fal fal dropping fal dropping must still fal dropping stil fal dropping frō their spheares,

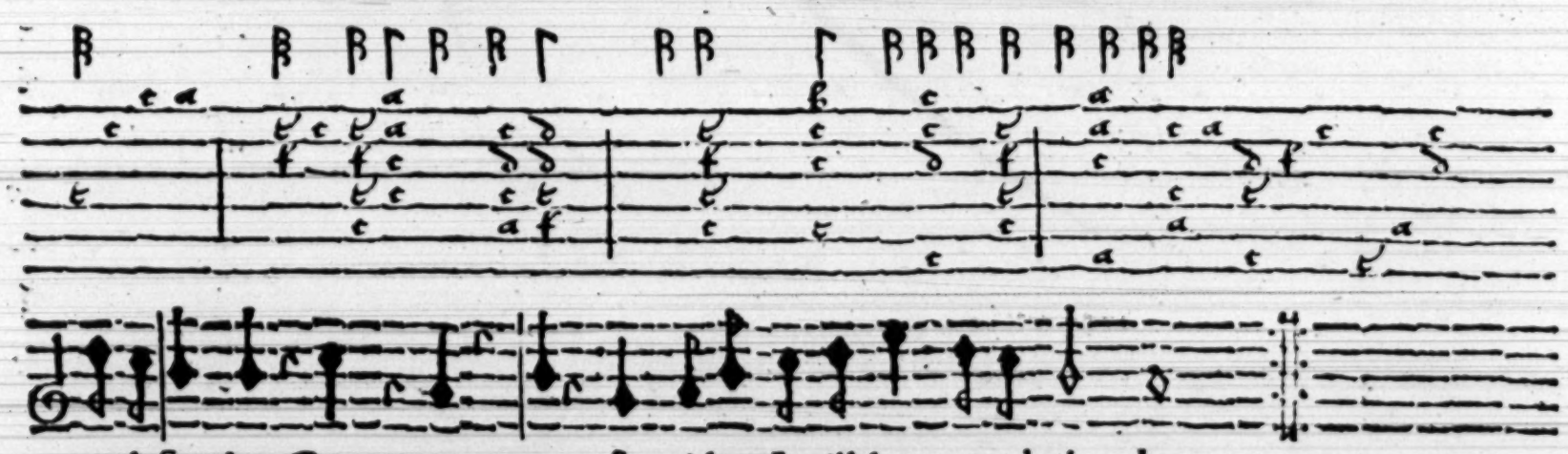


Hat if I neuer ſpeede, ſhall I ſtraight yeeld to diſpaire,
or ſhal I chãge my loue, for I find power to depart,

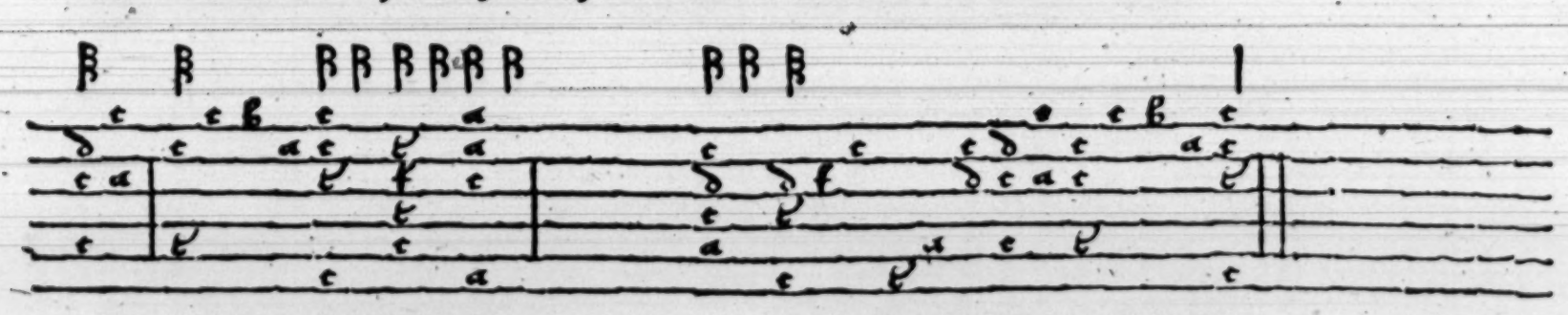


and ſtill on ſorow feede that can no loſſe repaire.
and in my reaſon proue I can cõmand my hart.
But if ſhe will pittie my deſire, and my

loue requite, then euer ſhall ſhee liue my deare delight. Come, :|: :|: while I haue a heart

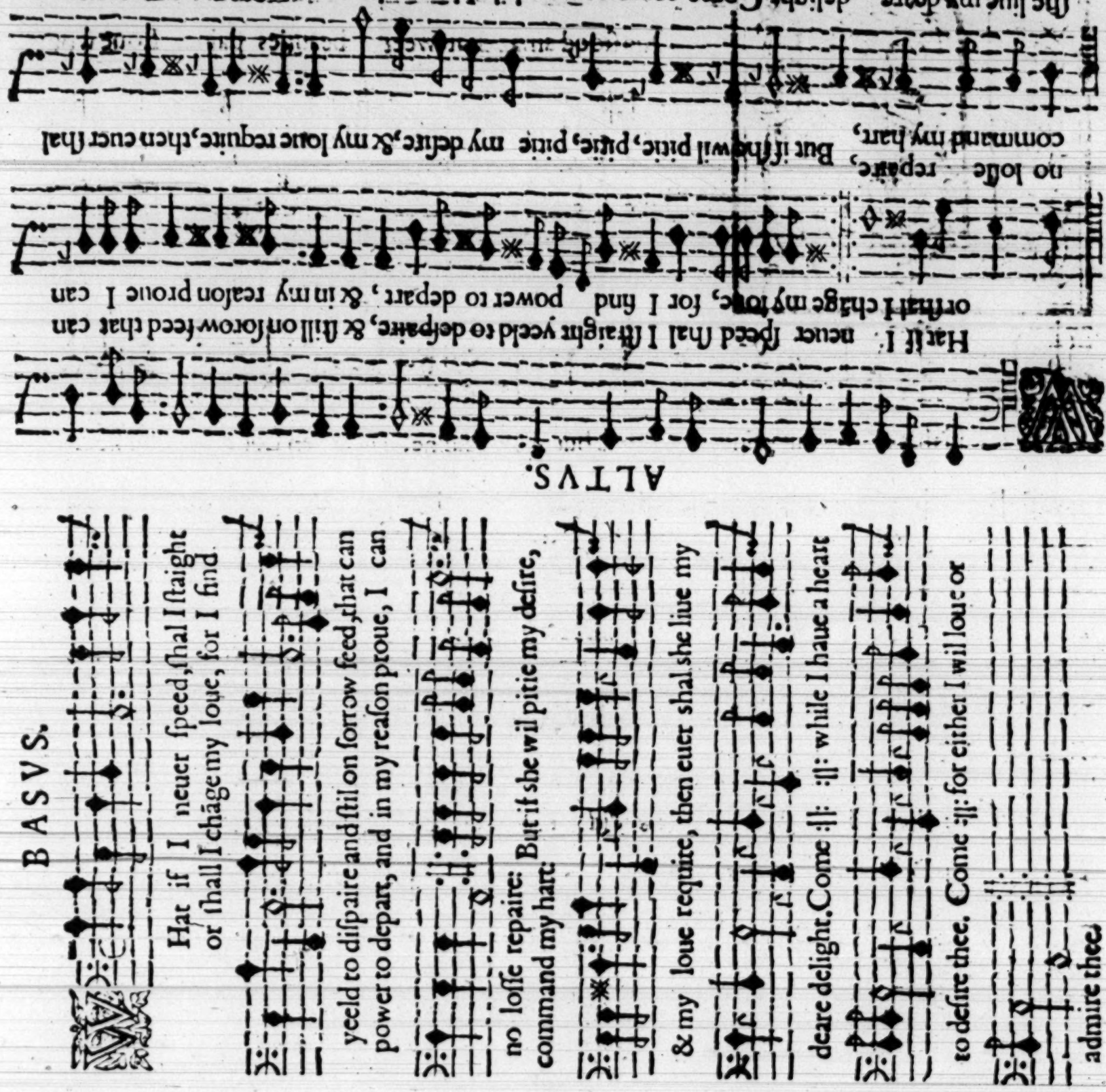


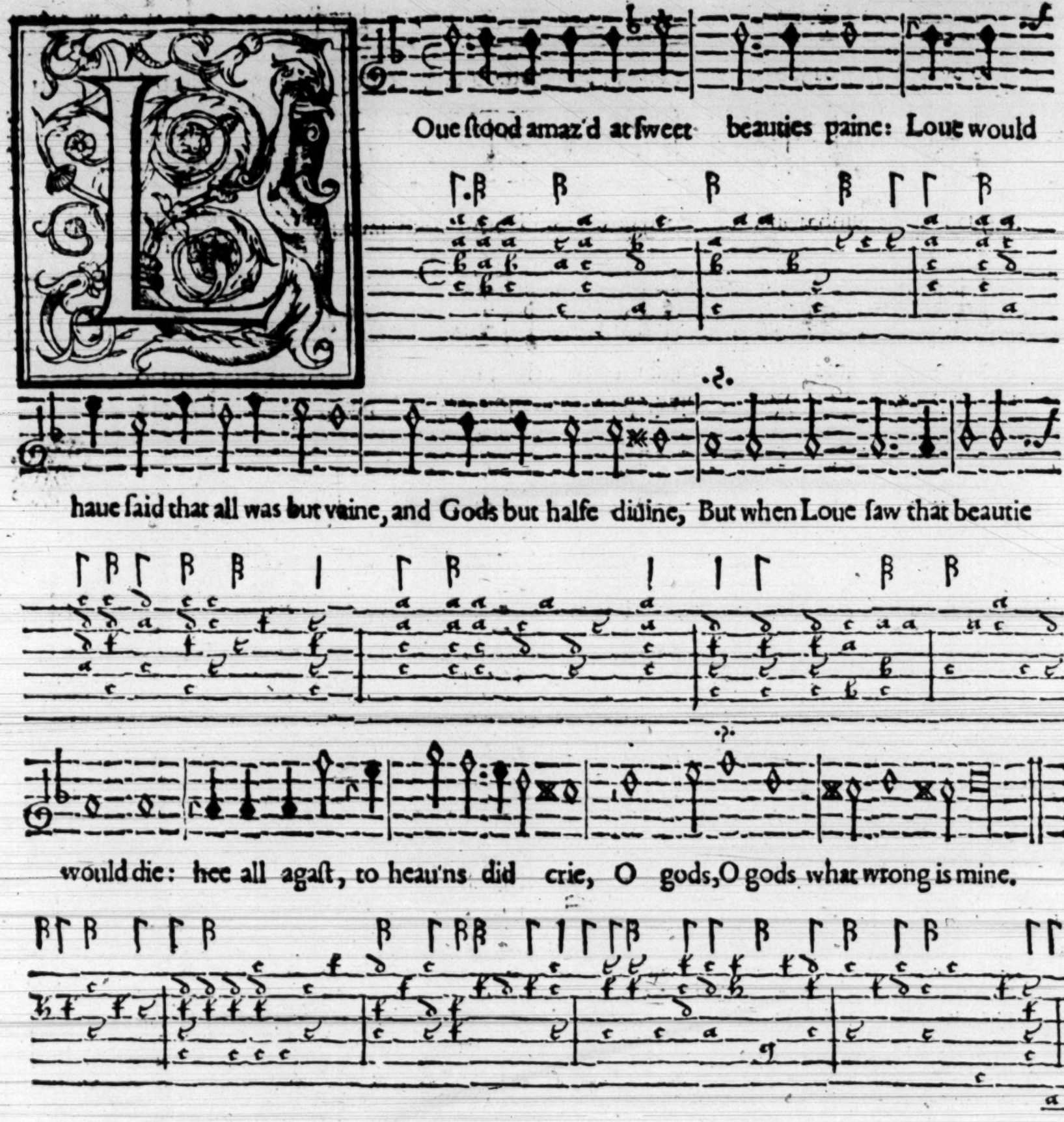
to deſire thee. Come, come, come, for either I will loue or admire thee.



Oft haue I dream'd of ioy,
yet I neuer felt the ſweete,
But tired with annoy,
my griefs each other greete.
Oft haue I left my hope,
as a wretch by fate forlorne.

But Loue aimes at one ſcope,
and loſt wil ſtil returne:
He that once loues with a true deſire
neuer can depart,
For *Cupid* is the king of euery hart.
Come, come, &c.


ALTVS.
Hat if I neuer ſpeed, ſhall I ſtraight yeeld to deſpaire, & ſtill on ſorrow feed, that can
or that I chãge my loue, for I find power to depart, & in my reaſon proue, I can
no loſſe repaire, But if ſhe will pitie my deſire, & my loue requite, then euer I will loue or
command my hart
BASVS.
Hat if I neuer ſpeed, ſhall I ſtraight yeeld to diſpaire and ſtil on ſorrow feed, that can
or ſhall I chãge my loue, for I find power to depart, and in my reaſon proue, I can
no loſſe repaire: But if ſhe will pitie my deſire, and my loue requite, then euer I will loue or
command my hart
& my loue require, then euer ſhall ſhe liue my deare delight. Come :||: while I haue a heart
to deſire thee. Come :||: for either I will loue or admire thee.
TENOR.
Hat if I neuer ſpeed, ſhall I ſtraight yeeld to deſpaire, and ſtill on ſorrow feed that
or ſhal I chãge my loue, for I find power to depart, and in my reaſon proue I
can no loſſe re-paire:
can command my heart:
But if ſhe will pitie my deſire, and my loue my loue requite, thẽ euer
ſhall ſhe liue my deare delight. Come, come, come, while I haue a heart to deſire thee. Come
come, for either I will loue or admire thee.



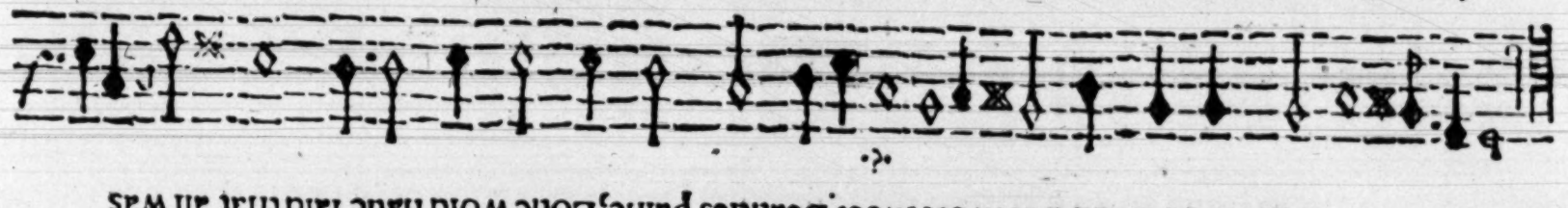
2 Then his teares bred in thoughts of ſalt
Fel fiō his eyes, like raine in ſun ſhine (brine,
expeld by rage of fire:
Yet in ſuch wiſe as anguiſh affords,
He did expreſſe in theſe his laſt words
his infinite deſire.

3 Are you fled faire? where are now thoſe eies
Eyes but too faire, enui'd by the skies,
you angrie gods do know,
With guiltles bloud your ſcepters you ſtain,
On poore true hearts like tyrants you raine:
vniuſt why do you ſo?

4 Are you falſe gods? why then do you raine?
Are you iuſt gods? why then haue you ſlaine
the life of loue on earth,
Beautie, now thy face liues in the skies,
Beautie, now let me liue in thine eyes,
where bliſſe felt neuer death

5 Then from high rock, the rocke of diſpaire,
He fals, in hope to ſmother in the aire,
or els on ſtones to burſt,
Or on cold waues to ſpend his laſt breath,
Or his ſtrange life to end by ſtrange death,
but fate forbid the worſt.

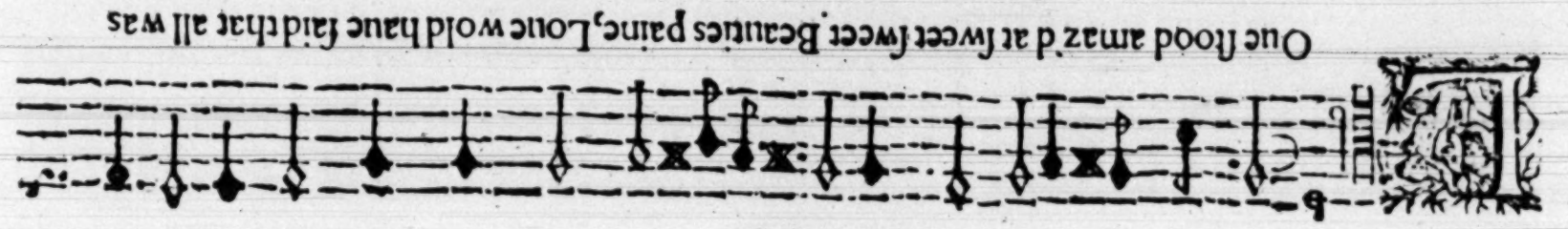
6 With pity mou'd the gods thē change loue
To Phenix ſhape, yet cannot remoue
his wonted propertie,
He loues the ſunne becauſe it is faire,
Sleepe he neglects, he liues but by aire,
and would, but cannot die.



but vaine, and gods but halfe diuine. But when Loue saw that Beautie would die, he all

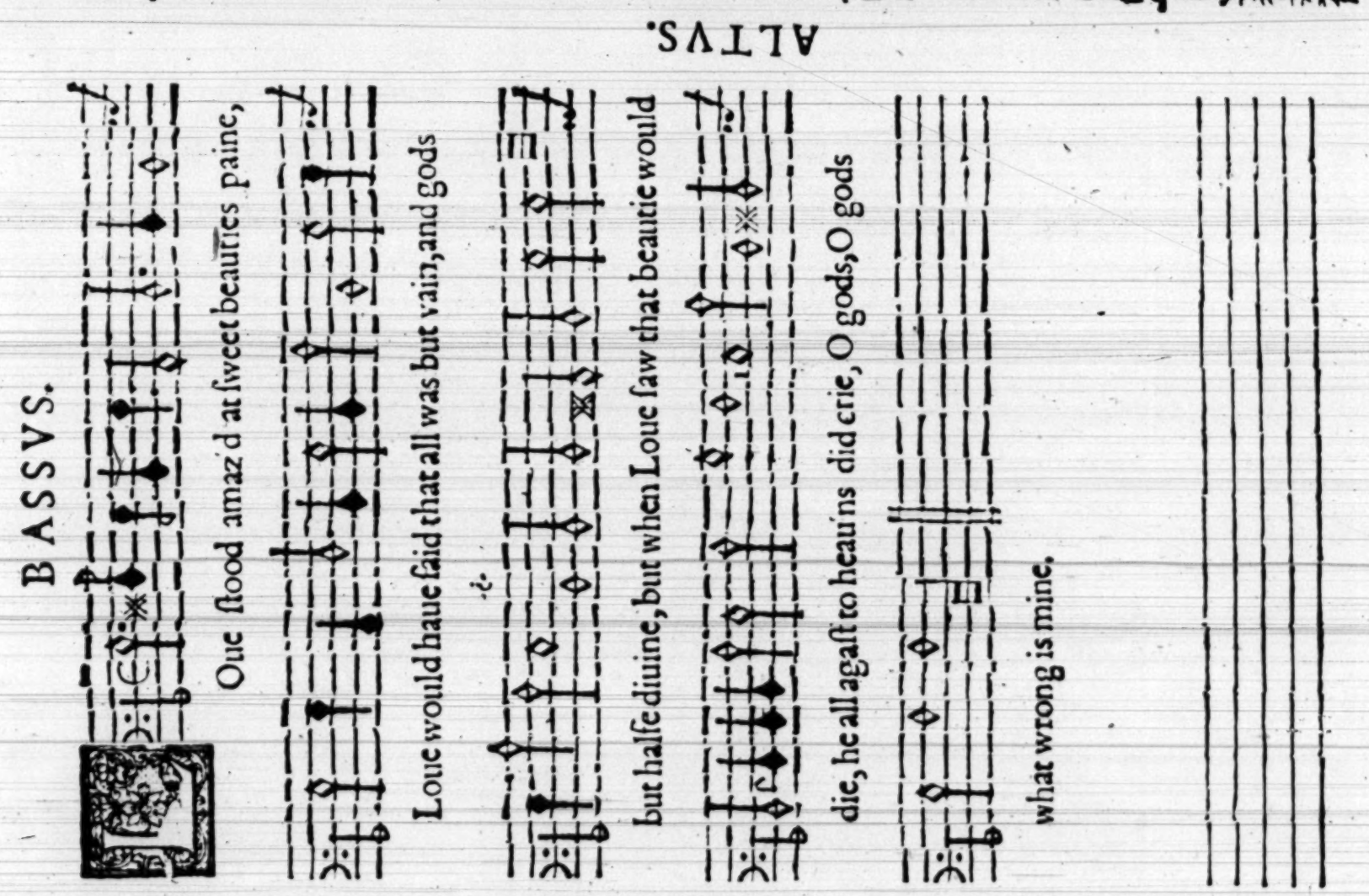
agast to heauns to heauns did crie, O gods O gods what wrong what wrong is mine.

ALTVS.



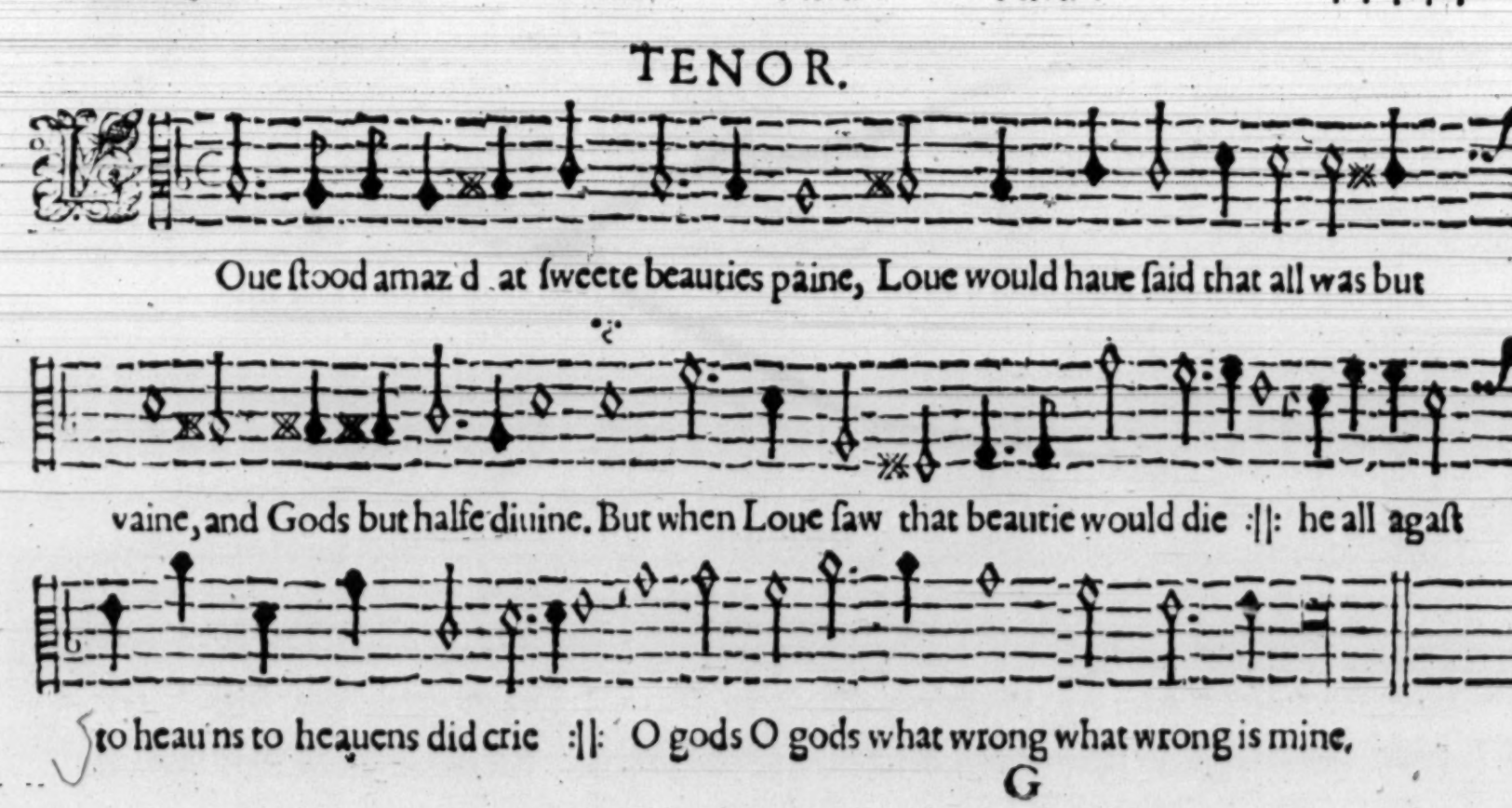
Oue stood amaz'd at sweet sweet Beauties paine, Loue would haue said that all was

BASSVS.



Oue stood amaz'd at sweet beauties paine, Loue would haue said that all was but vain, and gods but halfe diuine, but when Loue saw that beautie would die, he all agast to heauns did crie, O gods, O gods what wrong is mine.

TENOR.



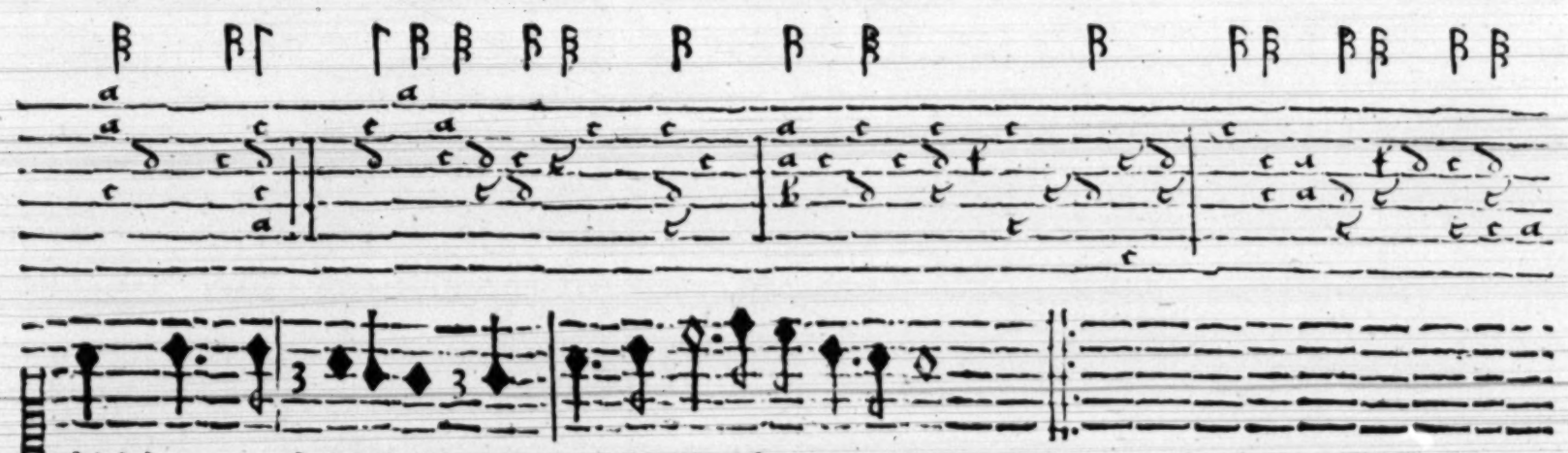
Oue stood amaz'd at sweete beauties paine, Loue would haue said that all was but vaine, and Gods but halfe diuine. But when Loue saw that beautie would die :||: he all agast to heauns to heauens did crie :||: O gods O gods what wrong what wrong is mine,

XI. CANTVS.

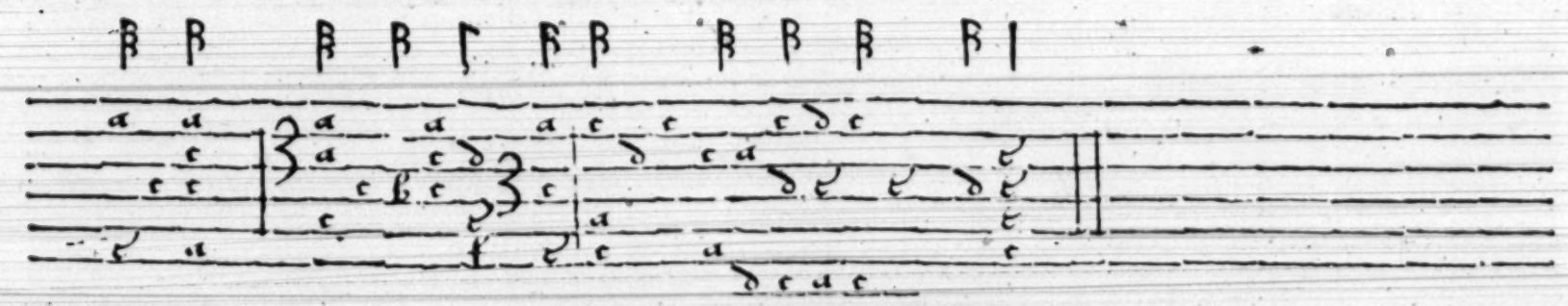
End your eares to my ſorrow good peo- ple that haue
for no eyes wil I borow mine own ſhal grace my

a- ny pitie :
doleful ditty :

Chant then my voice though rude like to my riming, and tell foorth my griefe



which here in ſad deſpaire can find no eaſe of torment.ng.



Once I liu'd, once I knew delight,
No griefe did ſhadowe then my pleaſure :
Grac'd with loue, cheer'd with beauties ſight,
I ioyed alone true heau nly treaſure,
O what a heau n is loue firmely embraced,
Such power alone can fixe delight
In Fortunes bolome euer placed.

Cold as Ice frozen is that hart,
Where thought of loue could no time enter:
Such of life reape the pooreſt part.
Whoſe weight cleaues to this earthly center,
Mutuall ioies in hearts truly vnited
Doe earth to heauenly ſtate conuert
Like heau n ſtill in it ſelfe delighted.

End your eares to my sorowe good peo- ple that haue anie pitie. Chaunt it my
for no eyes will I borow, mine owne shal grace my doleful ditie.

peo- ple that haue anie pitie. Chaunt it my voice,
owne shal grace my doleful ditie my voice though rude like to my riming, and tel forth my griefe,

though rude like to my riming, and tel forth my griefe, my griefe which heere in

, which heere in sad despaire can finde no ease of tor-

menting.

TENOR.

End your eares to my sorow good peo- ple that haue anie pitie. Chaunt it my
for no eyes will I borow, mine owne shal grace my doleful ditie.

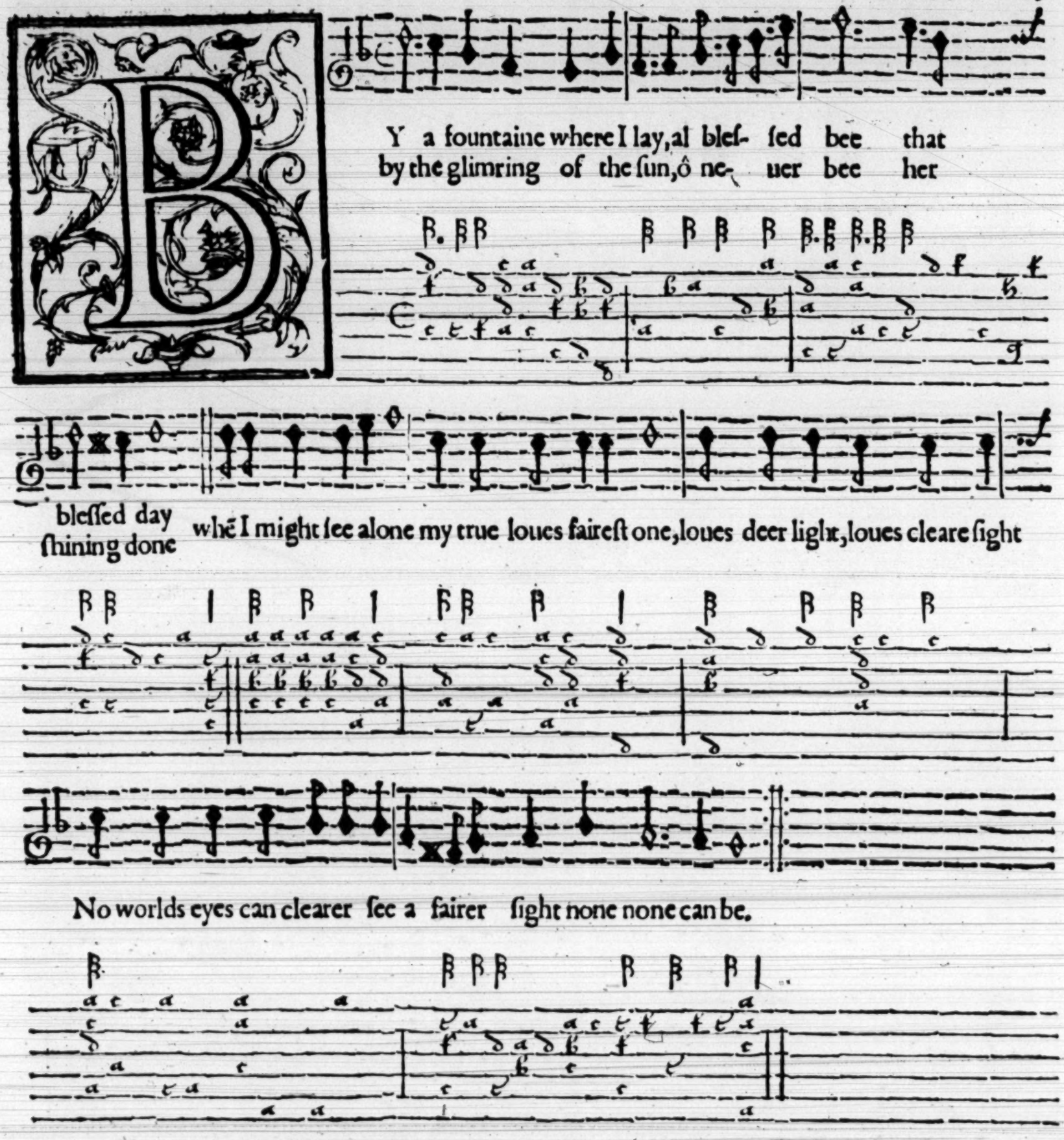
voice, my voice though rude like to my riming, and tel forth my griefe, my grief, which here in

sadde despaire can find no ease of tormenting.

ALTVS.

End your eares to my sorrow good people :|: that haue anie pitie. Chaunt it my
for no eyes will I borow, mine own shal :|: grace my doleful ditty.

find no ease of tormenting.

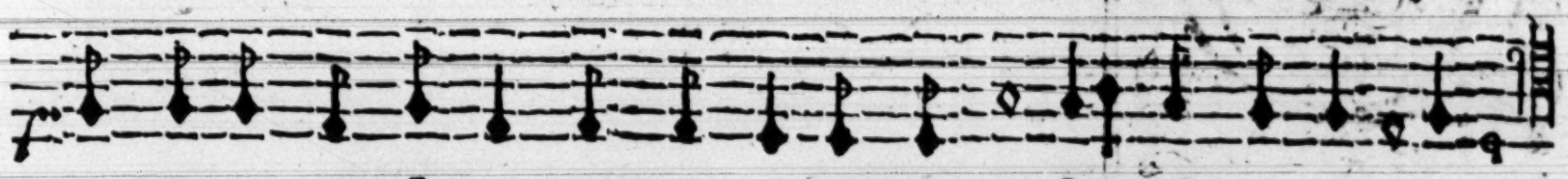


2 Faire with garlands all addreſt,
Was neuer Nymph more fairely bleſt,
Bleſſed in the higheſt degree,
So may ſhe euer beſſed be,
Came to this fountaine neere,
With ſuch a ſmiling cheere.
Such a face,
Such a grace,
Happie, happie eyes that ſee
Such a heauenly ſight as ſhe.

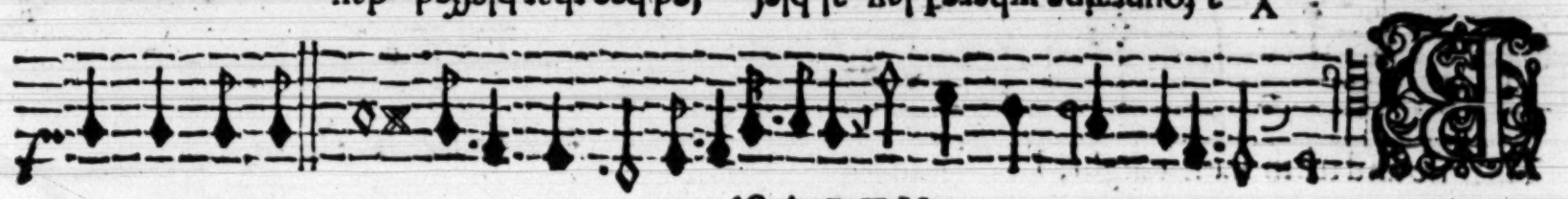
3 Then I forthwith tooke my pipe
Which I all faire and cleane did wipe,
And vpon a heau'nly ground,
All in the grace of beautie found,
Plaid this roundelay,
Welcome faire Queene of May,
Sing ſweete aire,
Welcome faire.
Welcome be the ſhepheards Queene,
The glorie of all our greene.

ter face a fairer light a fairer light none none can be.

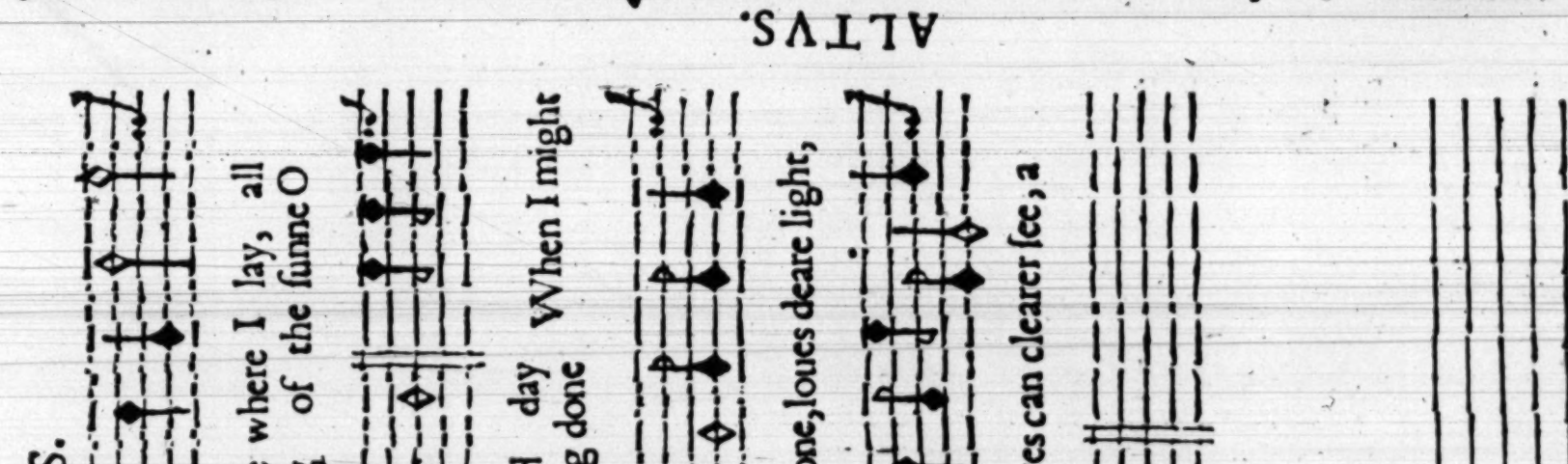
alone my true loues fairest one, loues deer light, loues clear light, No worlds eyes can clea-



by the glimring of the sun, O ne- ued be that blessed day when I might see



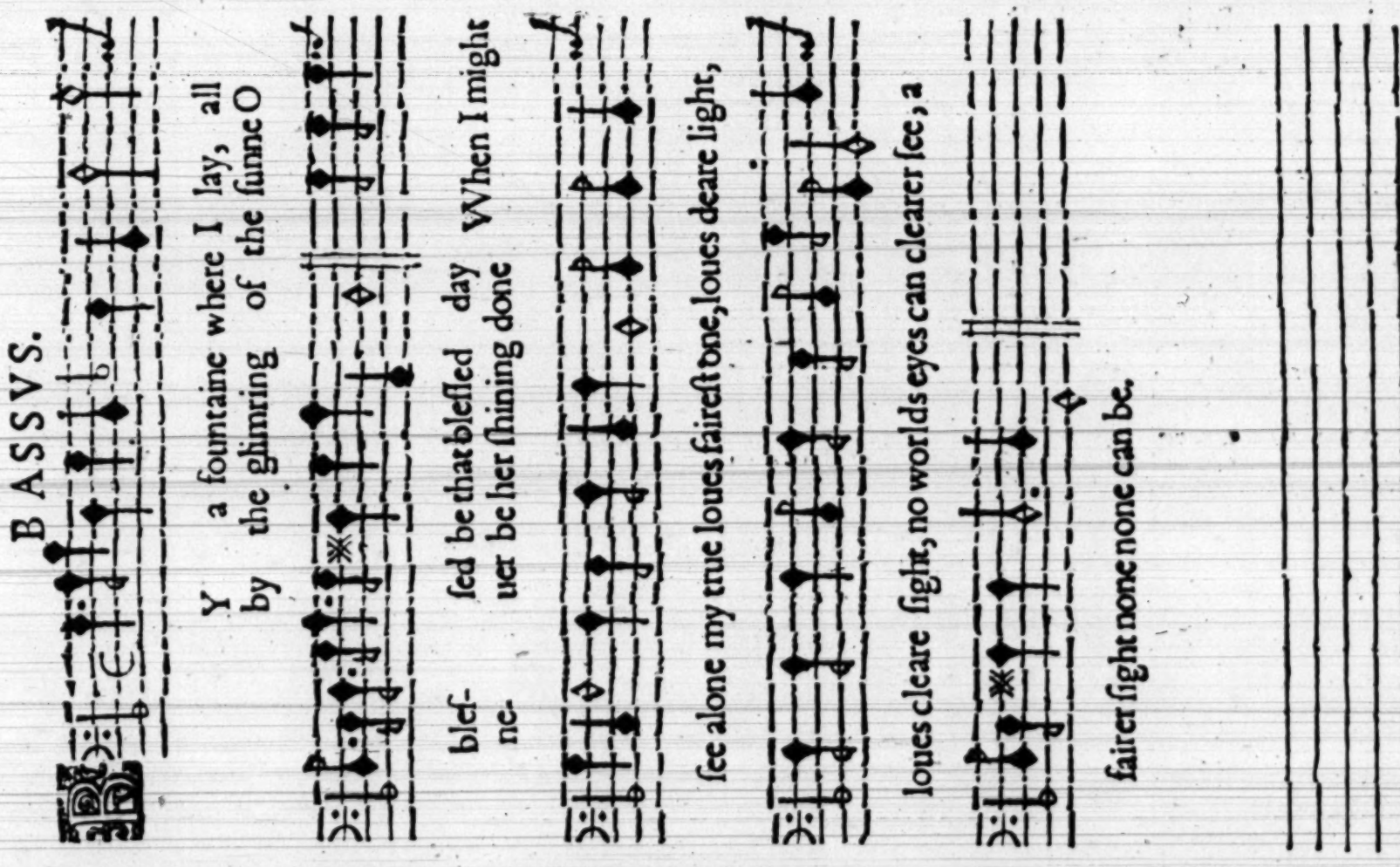
ALTVS.



Y a fountaine where I lay, all blef- sed be that blessed day When I might

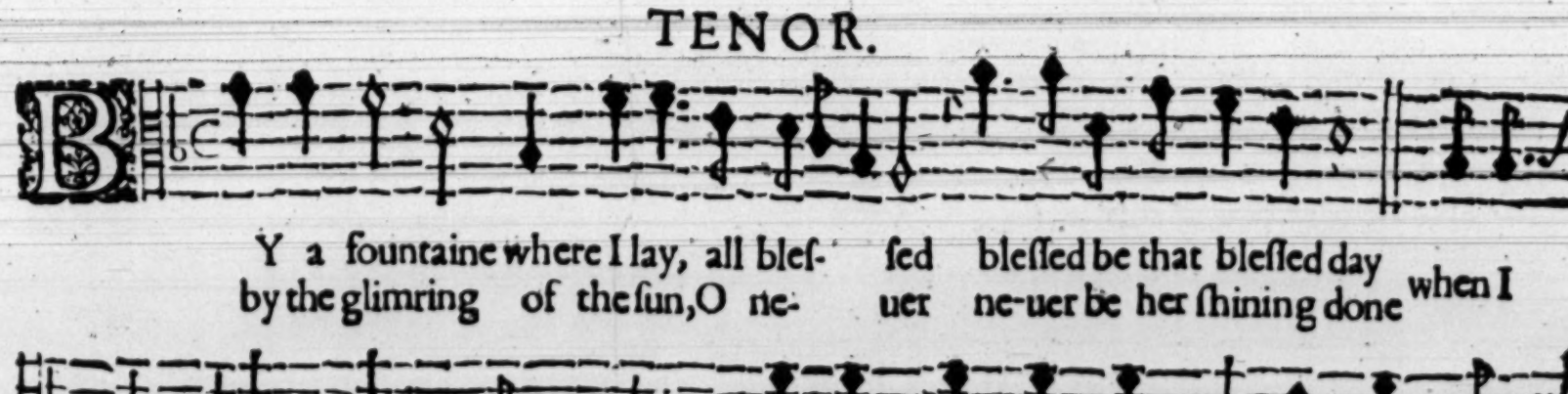
by the glimring of the sunne O ne- uer be her shining done

BASSVS.

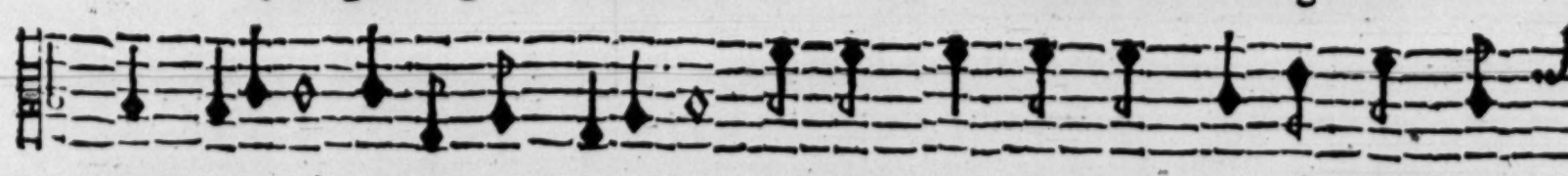


Y a fountaine where I lay, all
by the glimring of the sunne O
bles-
ne-
see alone my true loues fairest one, loues deere light,
loues cleare sight, no worlds eyes can clearer see
fairer sight none can be.

TENOR.



Y a fountaine where I lay, all bles- sed blessed be that blessed day
by the glimring of the sun, O ne- uer ne-uer be her shining done when I



might see alone, my true loues faireſt one, loues deere light, loues cleare ſight, no worlds eyes

can clearer ſee, a fairer ſight, a fairer ſight none can be.

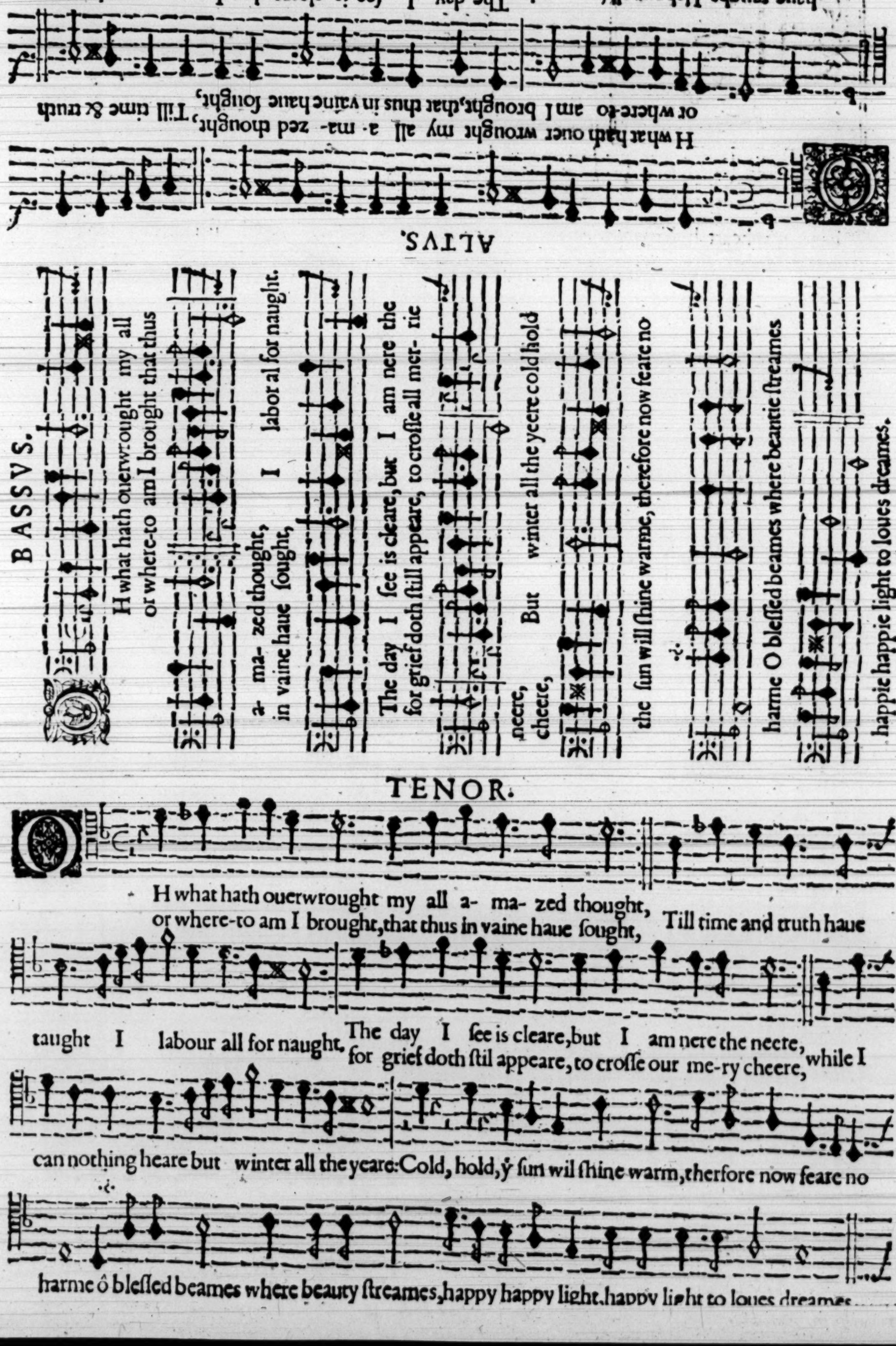
H what hath ouerwrought my all a- ma- zed thought
or where- to am I brought, that thus in vaine haue ſought,

Till time and truth hath taught, I labor all for nought. The day I ſee is cleare, but I am
For griefe doth ſtil ap- peare, to croſſe our

nere the neere,
me- rie cheere, while I can nothing heare, but winter all the yeare. Cold, hold, the ſun wil ſhine

warme, therefore now feare no harme. O bleſſed beames, where beautie ſtreames happie happie

light to loues dreames.


ALTVS.
Hwhat hath ouer wrought my all a- ma- zed thought,
or where-to am I brought,that thus in vaine haue sought,
Till time & truth
The day I see is cleare,but I am nere the neere,
while I
can nothing heare but winter all the yeare:Cold, hold,ye sun wil shine warm,therfore now feare no
harme O blessed beames where beauty streames,happy happy light,happy light to loues dreames.
BASSVS.
Hwhat hath ouerwrought my all a- ma- zed thought,
or where-to am I brought,that thus in vaine haue sought,
Till time & truth
The day I see is cleare, but I am nere the neere,
while I can nothing heare but winter all the yeare,cold, hold,the sun wil shine therfore
now feare no harm,O blessed beams,where beauty streams,happy happy light to loues dreames.
TENOR.
Hwhat hath ouerwrought my all a- ma- zed thought,
or where-to am I brought,that thus in vaine haue sought,
Till time and truth haue
taught I labour all for naught,
The day I see is cleare,but I am nere the neere,
for grief doth stil appeare, to crosse our me-ry cheere,
while I
can nothing heare but winter all the yeare:Cold, hold,ye sun wil shine warm,therfore now feare no
harme ô blessed beames where beauty streames,happy happy light,happy light to loues dreames

A arewell vnkind farewell, to mee no more a father, ſince my

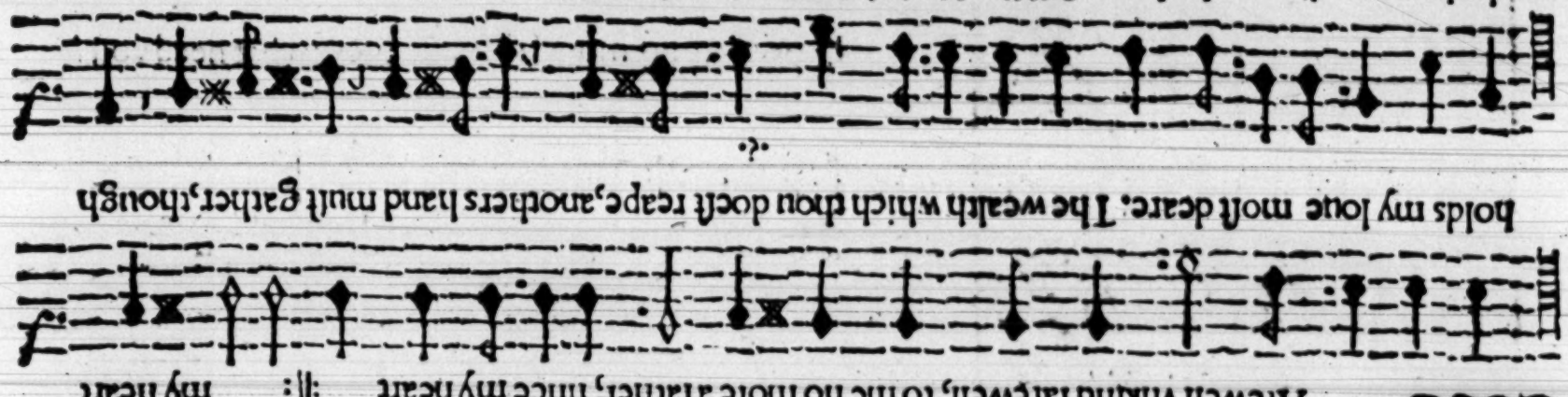
heart my heart holdes my loue moſt deare: The wealth which thou doeſt reape, a- nothers

hand muſt gather, Though thy heart thy heart ſtill lies buried there, Then farewell, then

farewell, O farewell, welcome my loue, welcome my ioy for euer.

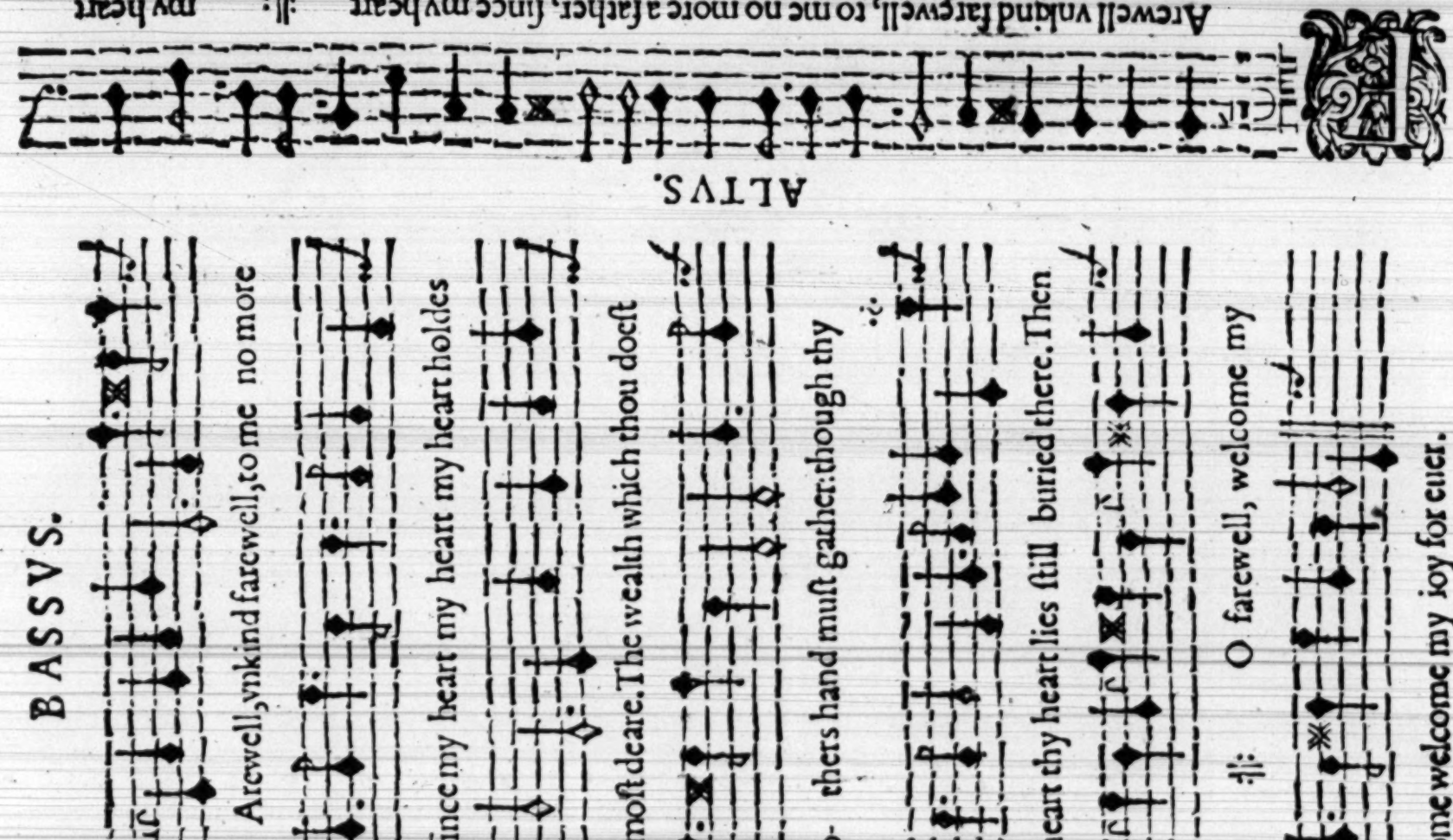
Tis not the vaine deſire
of humane fleeting beautie,
Makes my mind to liue,
though my meanes do die.
Then farewell, &c.

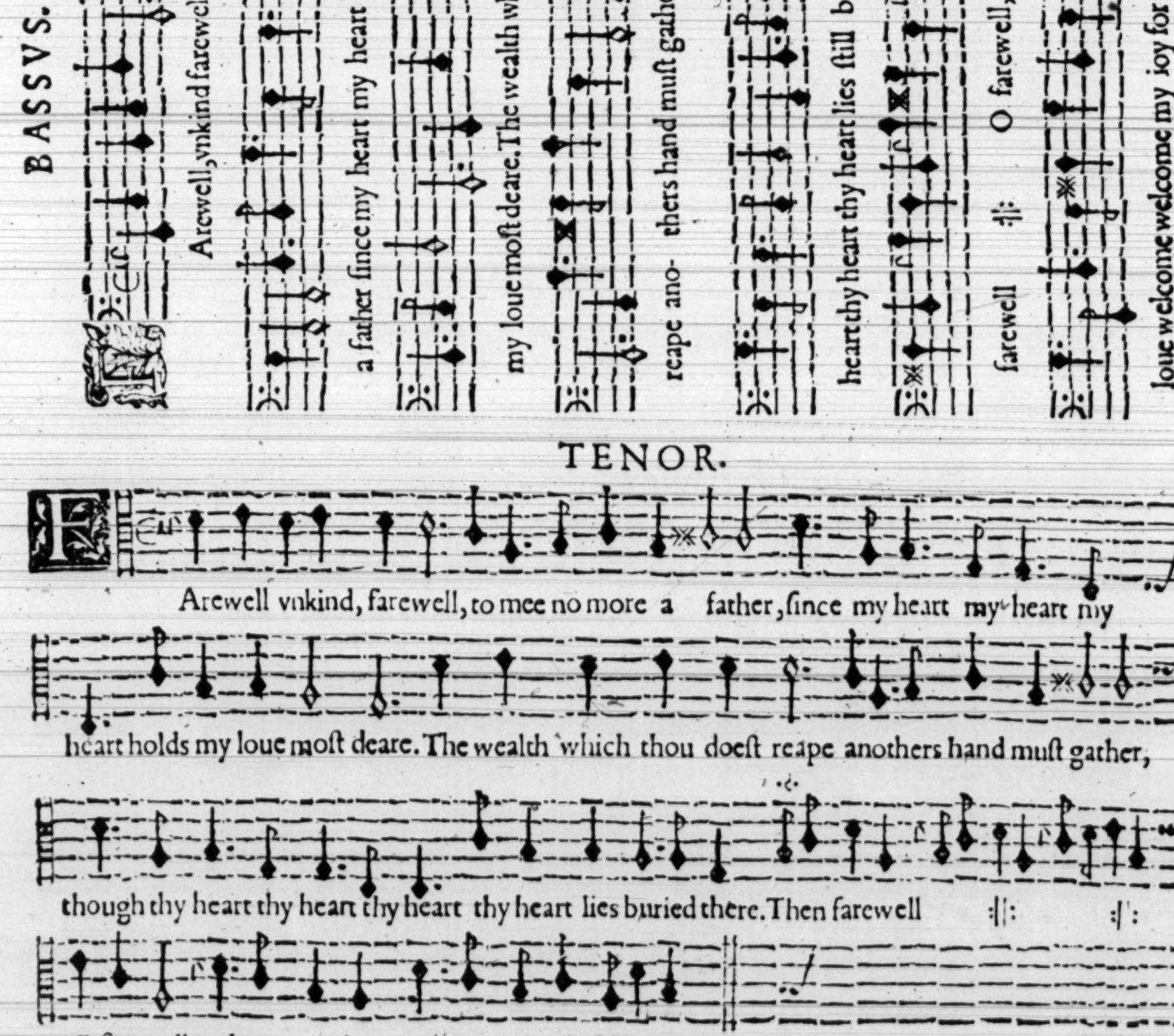
Nor do I Nature wrong,
though I forget my dutie:
Loue, not in the bloud,
but in the ſpirit doth lie.


holds my loue moſt deare. The wealth which thou doeſt reape, anothers hand muſt gather, though

thy heart :|: thy heart ſtill lies buried there. Then farewell :|: :|: :|: O

farewell, welcome my ioy my ioy for euer.





XV. CANTVS.

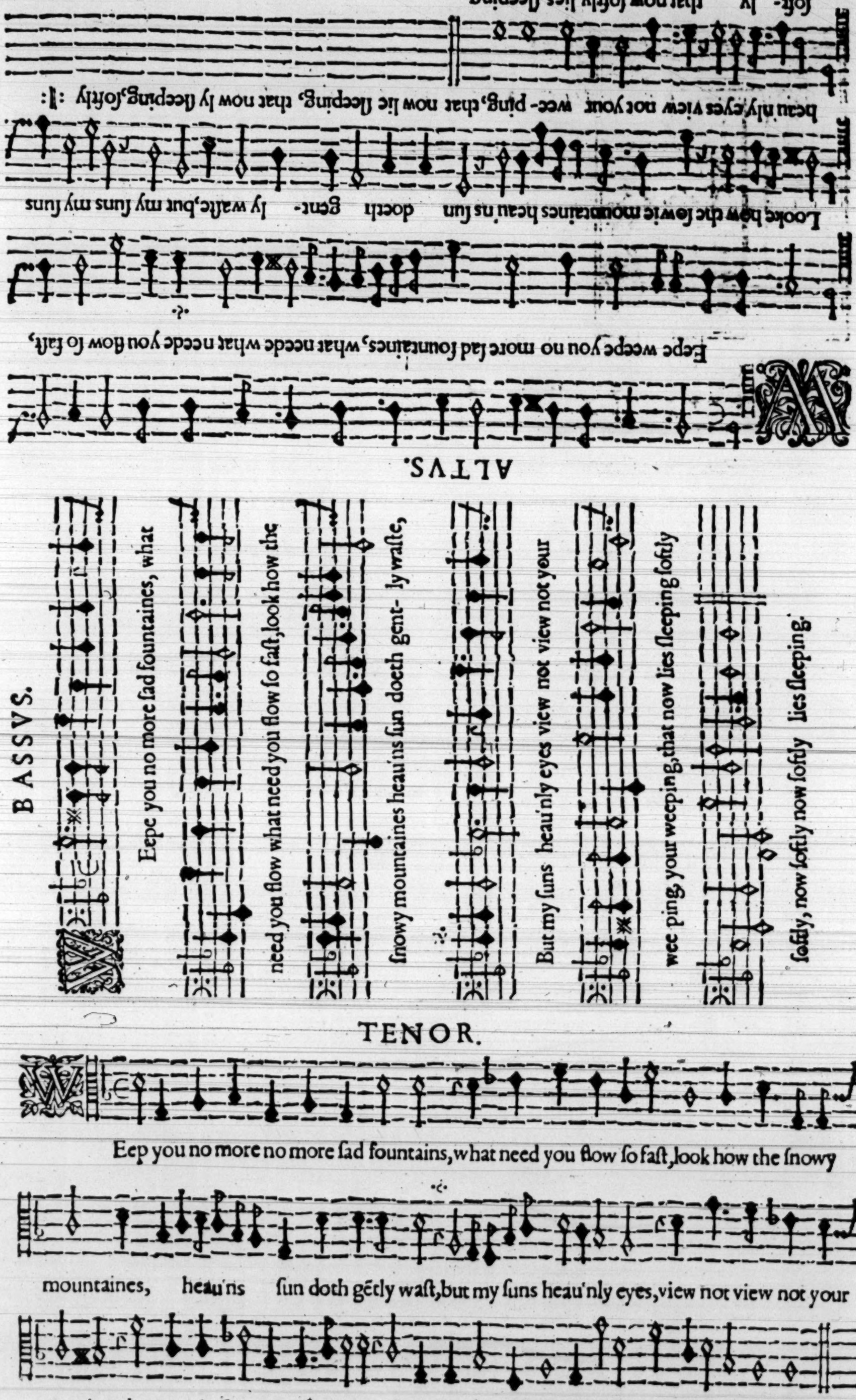
Epe you no more ſad fountaines, what need you

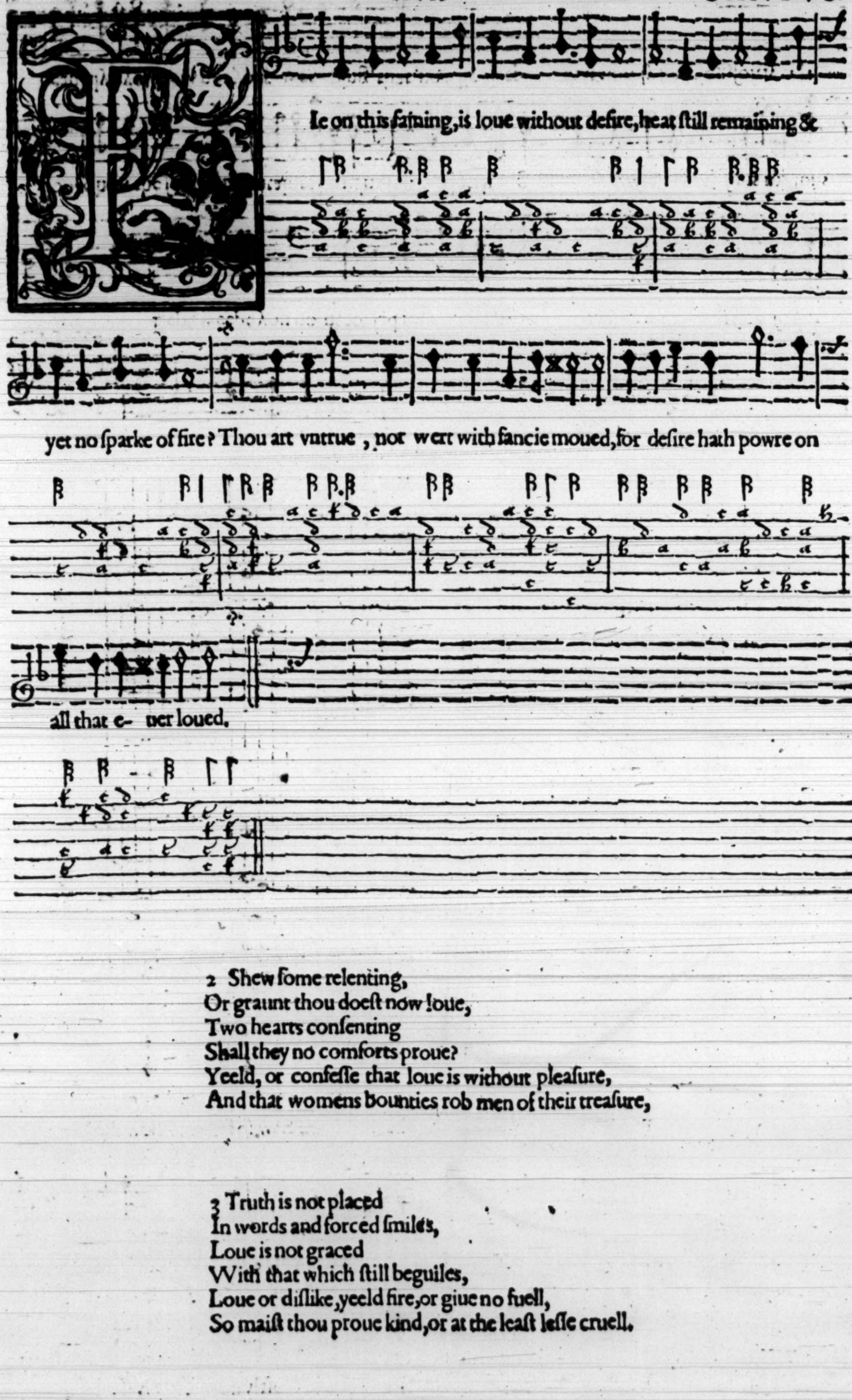
flowe ſo faſt, looke how the ſnowie mountaines, heau'ns ſunne doth gently waſte. But my

ſunnes heau'n- ly eyes view not your weeping. That nowe

lie ſleeping :‖: ſoftly :|: now ſoftly lies ſleeping.

Sleepe is a reconciling,
A reſt that peace begets:
Doth not the ſunne riſe ſmiling,
When faire at eu'n he ſets,
Reſt you, then reſt ſad eyes,
Melt not in weeping,
While ſhe lies ſleeping :‖:
Softly :‖: now ſoftly lies ſleeping.

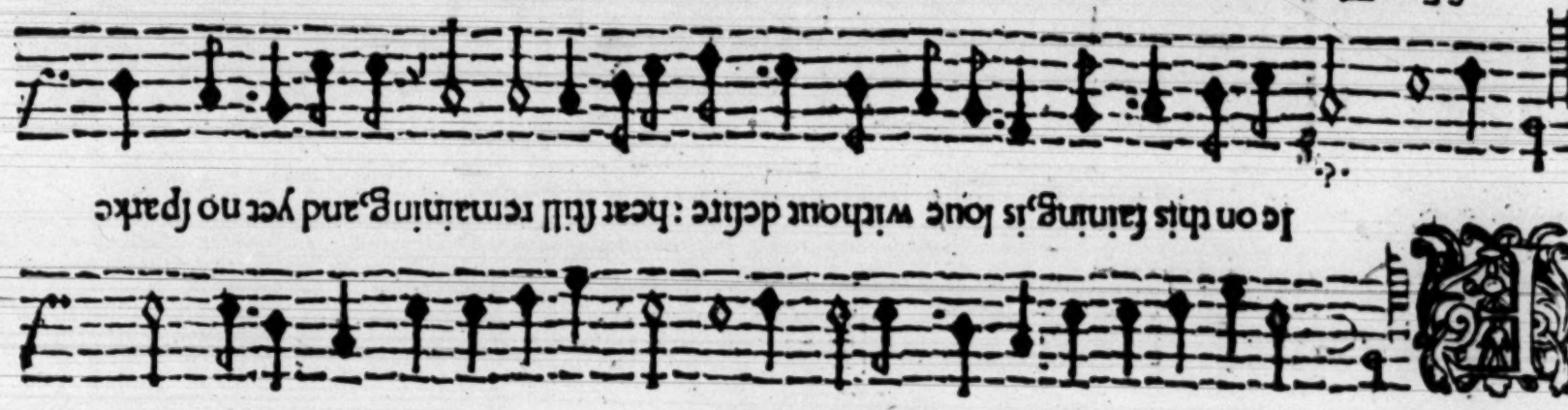

Looke how the ſowle mountaines heau'ns ſun doeth gent- ly waſte, but my ſuns
heau'nly eyes view not your weep- ping, that now lie ſleeping, ſtint now lie ſleeping ſoftly
Eepe weepe you no more ſad fountaines, what needc you flow ſo faſt,
ALTVS.
Eepe you no more ſad fountaines, what needc you flow ſo faſt,
Looke how the ſowle mountaines heau'ns ſun doeth gent- ly waſte, but my ſuns
heau'nly eyes view not your weep- ping, that now lie ſleeping, ſtint now ly ſleeping ſoftly :‖:
ſofe- ly that now ſoftly lies ſleeping.
BASSVS.
Eepe you no more ſad fountaines, what
need you flow what need you flow ſo faſt, look how the
ſnowy mountaines heau'ns ſun doeth gent- ly waſte,
But my ſuns heau'nly eyes view not view not your
wee ping, your weeping, that now lies ſleeping ſoftly
ſoftly, now ſoftly now ſoftly lies ſleeping.
TENOR.
Eep you no more no more ſad fountains, what need you flow ſo faſt, look how the ſnowy
mountaines, heau'ns ſun doth gẽtly waſt, but my ſuns heau'nly eyes, view not view not your
weeping, that now ly ſlee-ping, ſleeping, ỹ now ly ſleeping ſoftly ſoftly now ſoftly ly ſleeping.



2 Shew some relenting,
Or graunt thou doest now loue,
Two hearts consenting
Shall they no comforts proue?
Yeeld, or confesse that loue is without pleasure,
And that womens bounties rob men of their treasure,

3 Truth is not placed
In words and forced smiles,
Loue is not graced
With that which still beguiles,
Loue or dislike, yeeld fire, or giue no fuell,
So maist thou proue kind, or at the least lesse cruell.

on all on all that euer loued.



le on this fayning,is loue without defire :heat ſtill remaining,and yet no ſparke

of fire? Thou art vntrue thou art vntrue,nor wert with fan- cie moued, for deſire hath powre

ALTVS.

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BASSVS.

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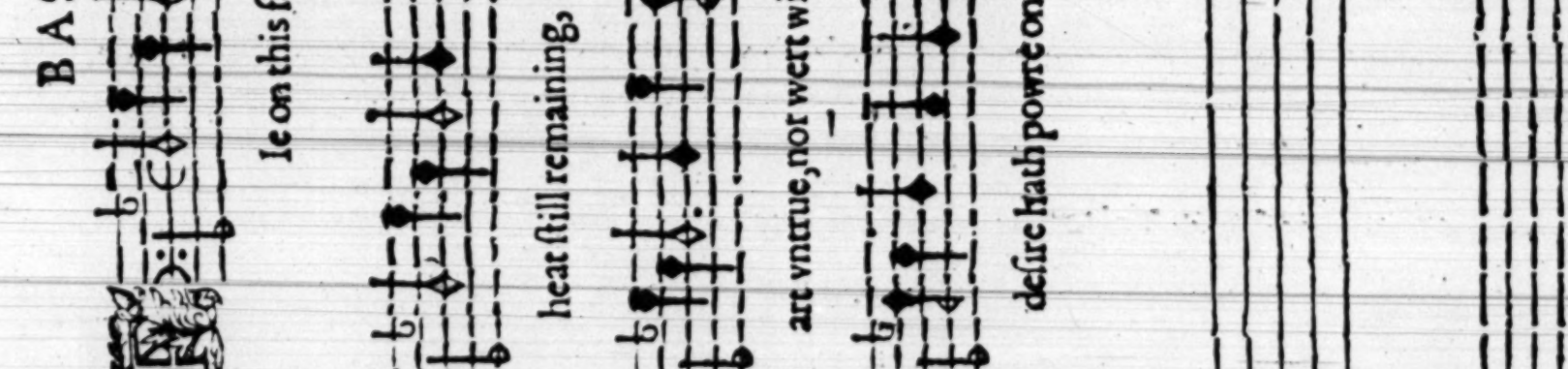
deſire hath powre on all on all that euer loued.

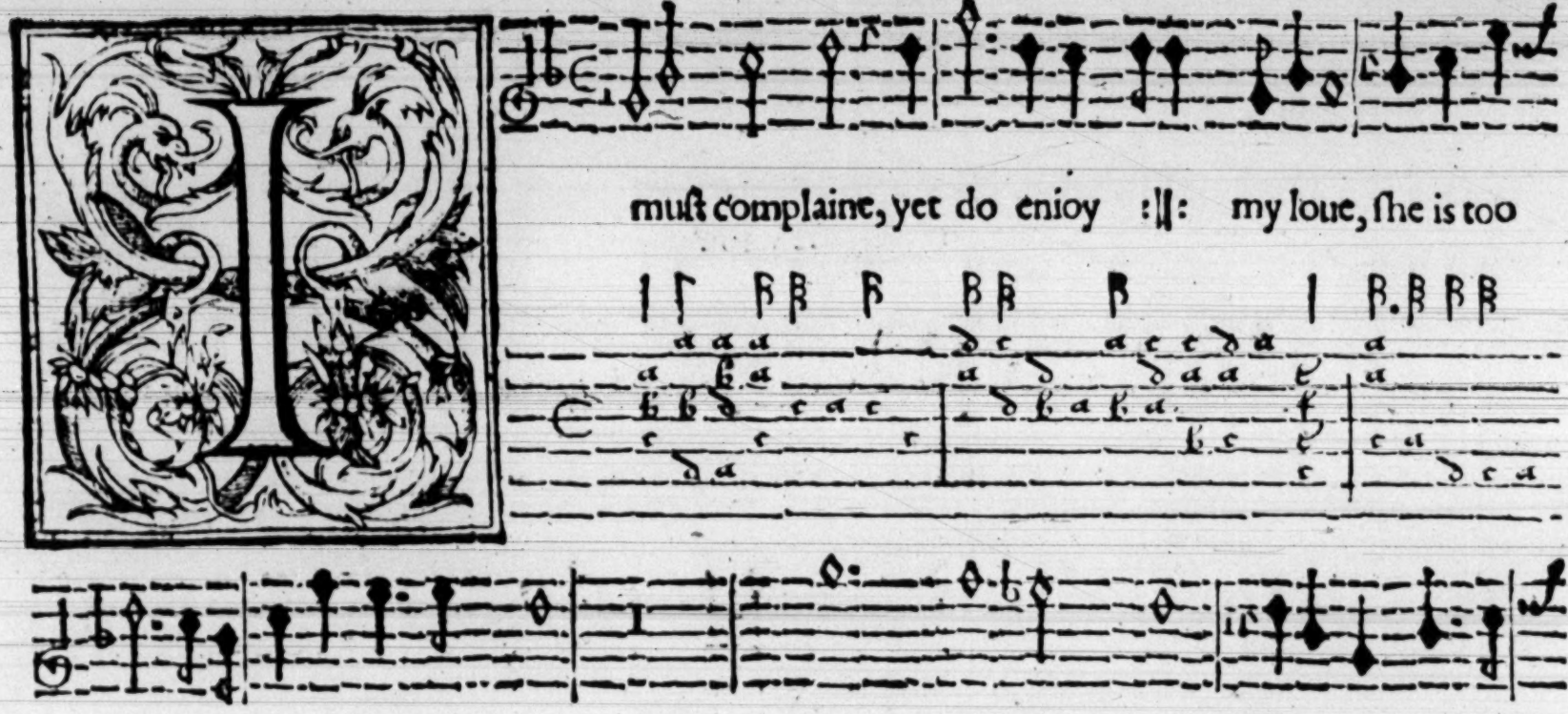
TENOR.



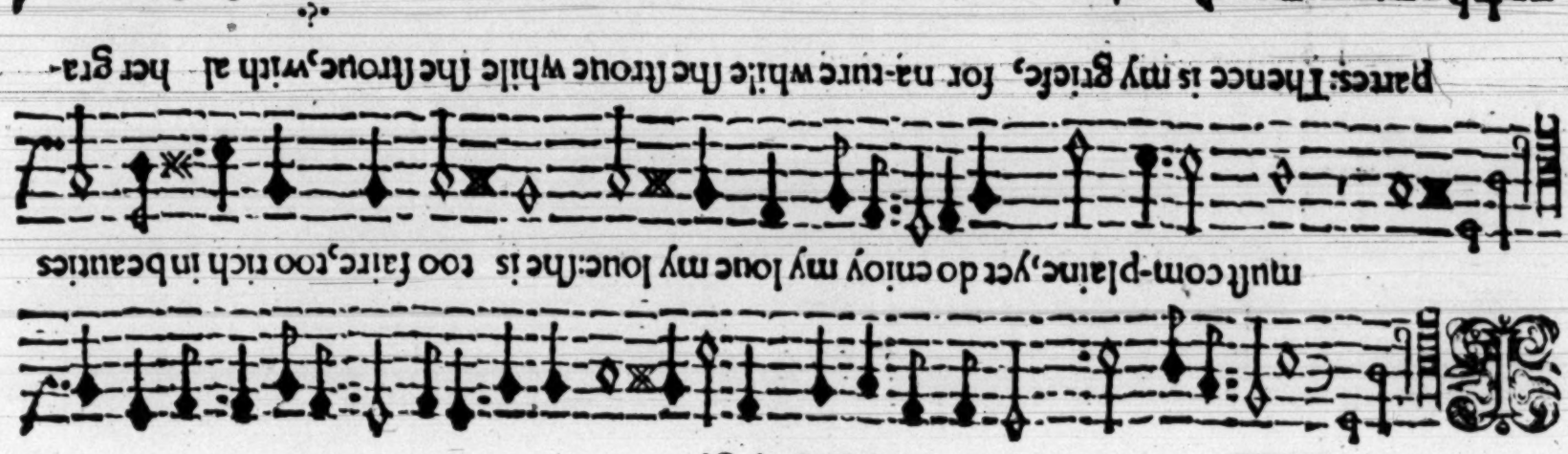
Ie on this fayning, is loue without de- ſire,heat ſtill remaining and yet no ſparke of

fire? Thou art vntrue, vntrue,nor wert with fancie moued, for deſire deſire hath powre hath

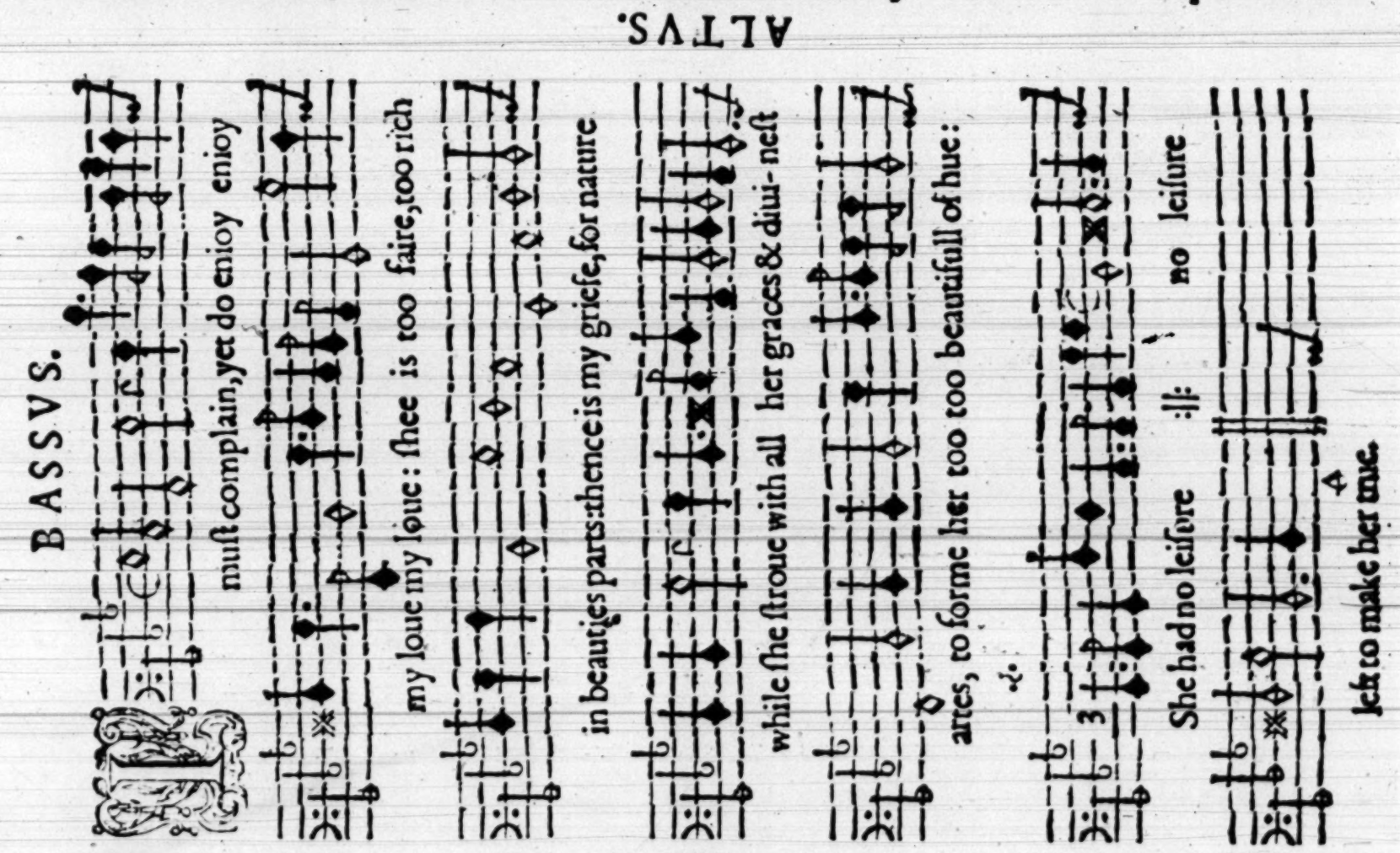
powre on all that euer loued.



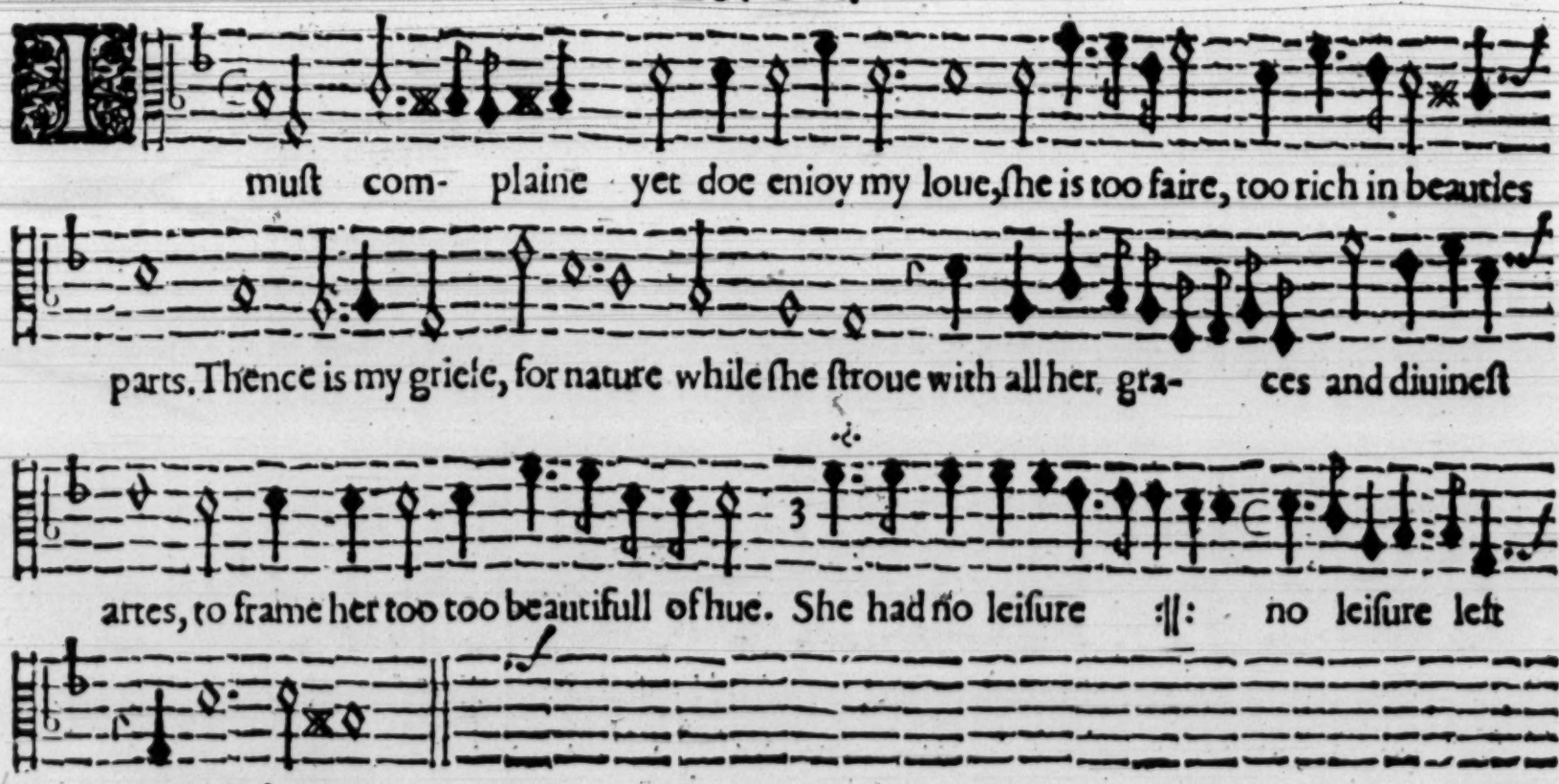
Should I agrieu'd then wish she were lesse faire,
That were repugnant to my owne desires,
She is admir'd, new suters still repaire,
That kindles dayly loues forgetfull fires,
Reft iealous thoughts, and thus resolue at last,
She hath more beautie then becomes the chast.

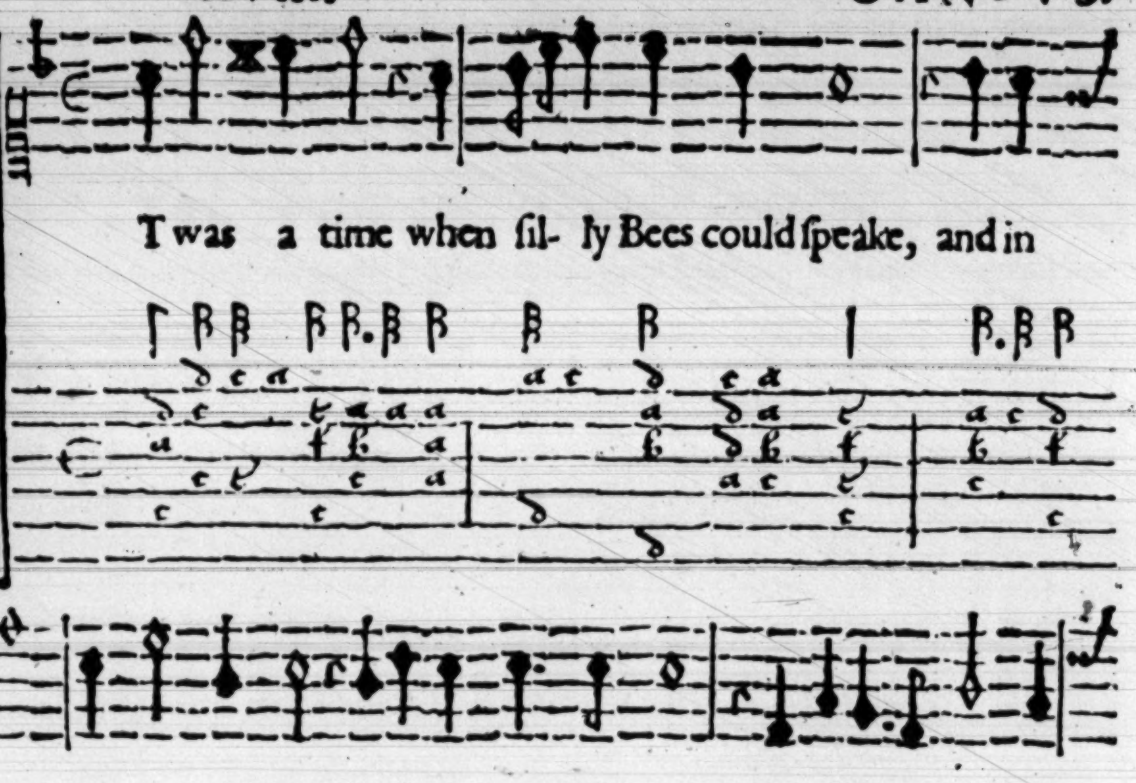

ces,and di- ui- neſt artes : to forme her too too beautifull of hue, She had no leiſure
:|: no leiſure left her true.
artes: Thence is my griefe, for na-ture while ſhe ſtroue with al- her gra-
muſt com-plaine,yet do enioy my loue:ſhe is too faire,too rich in beauties

ALTVS.


BASSVS.
muſt complaine yet doe enioy enioy
my loue my loue: ſhee is too faire,too rich
in beauties partsthence is my griefe,for nature
while ſhe ſtroue with all her graces & diui- neſt
artes, to forme her too too beautifull of hue:
She had no leiſure :|: no leiſure
left to make her true.

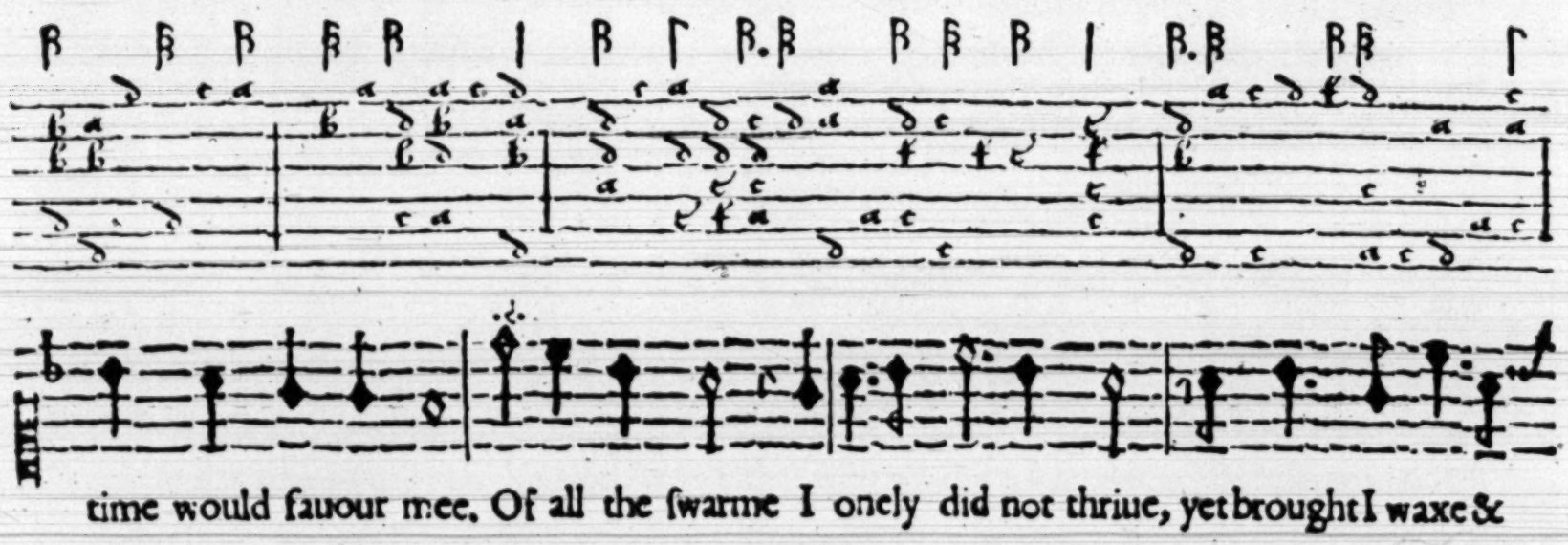
TENOR.


muſt com- plaine yet doe enioy my loue,ſhe is too faire, too rich in beauties
parts. Thence is my griefe, for nature while ſhe ſtroue with all her gra- ces and diuineſt
artes, to frame her too too beautifull of hue. She had no leiſure :|: no leiſure left
to make her true.

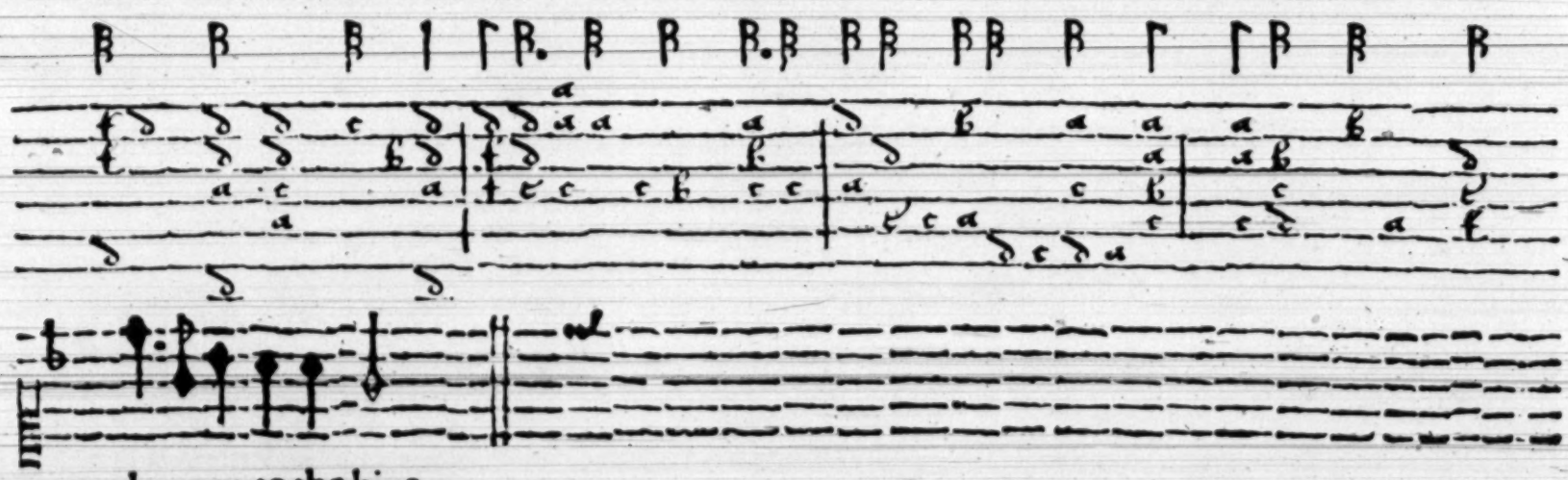


T was a time when ſil- ly Bees could ſpeake, and in

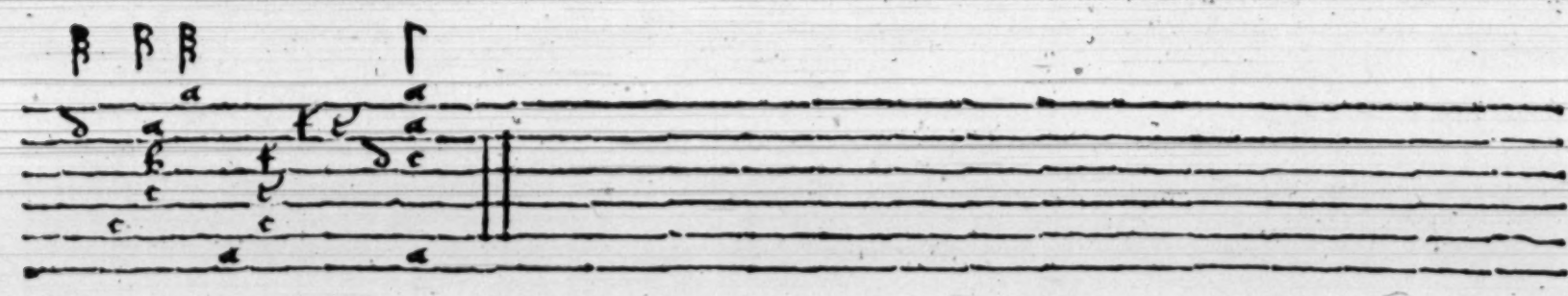
that time I was a ſillie Bee, who fed on Time vntil my heart gan break, yet neuer found the



time would fauour mee. Of all the ſwarme I onely did not thriue, yet brought I waxe &



ho-ney to the hiue.

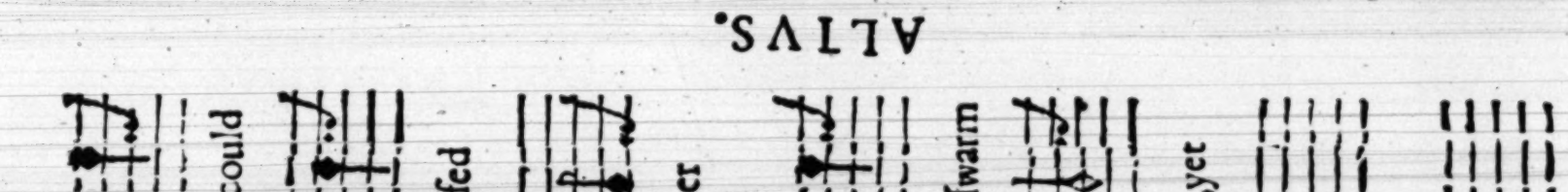


2 Then thus I buzd, when time no ſap would giue,
Why ſhould this bleſſed time to me be drie,
Sith by this Time the lazie drone doth liue,
The waſpe, the worme, the gnat, the butterflie,
Mated with griefe, I kneeled on my knees,
And thus complaind vnto the king of Bees.

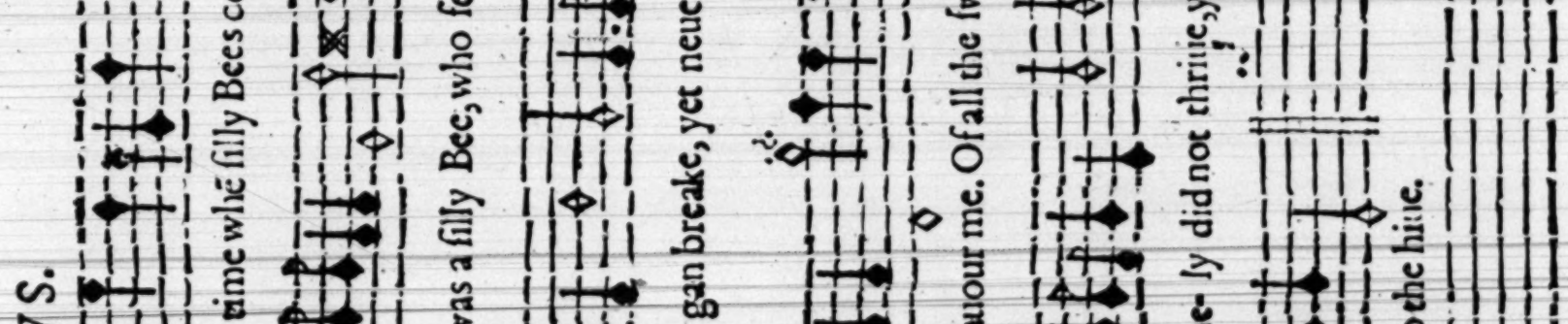
3 My liege, Gods graunt thy time may neuer end,
And yet vouchſafe to heare my plaint of Time,
Which fruitleſſe Flies haue found to haue a friend,
And I caſt downe when Aromies do clime.
The king replied but thus, Peace peeuiſh Bee,
Th'art bound to ſerue the time, the time not thee,

ALTVS.

T was a time a time when filly Bees could speake, and in that time I was



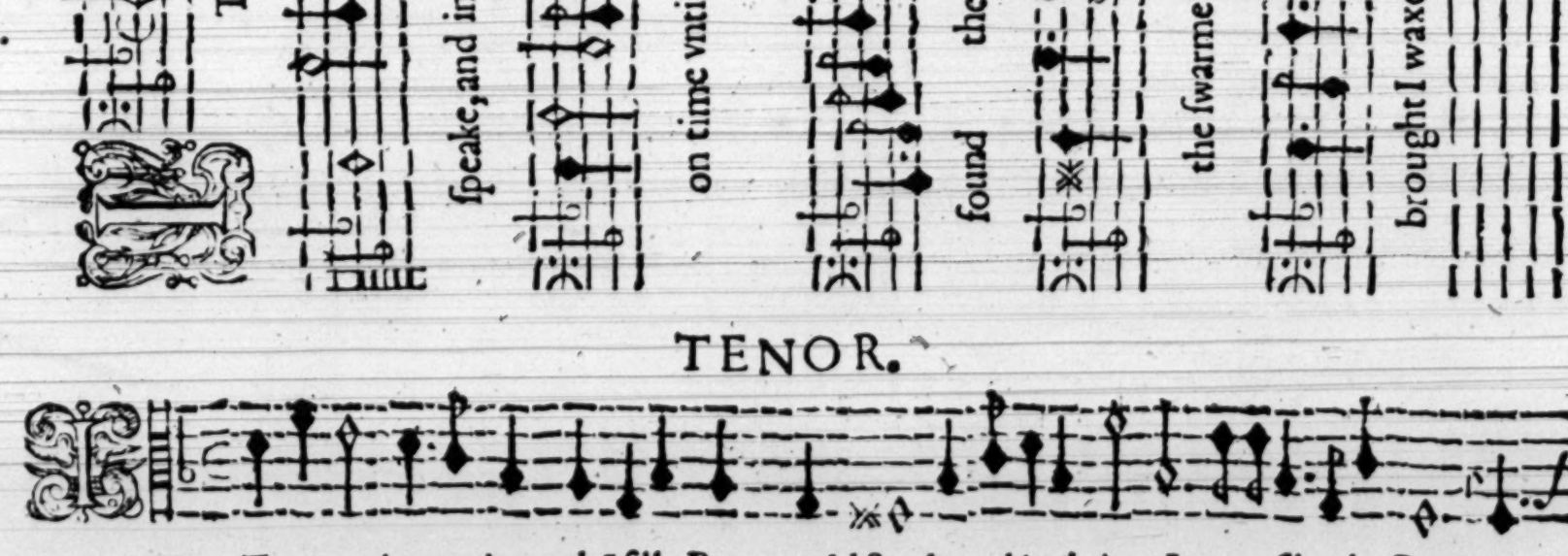
a filly Bee, who fed on time vntil my hart gan break, yet neuer found the time would



fauour me. Of all the fwarme I only I only did not thriue, yet brought I wax and hony hony

to the hiue,

BASSVS.



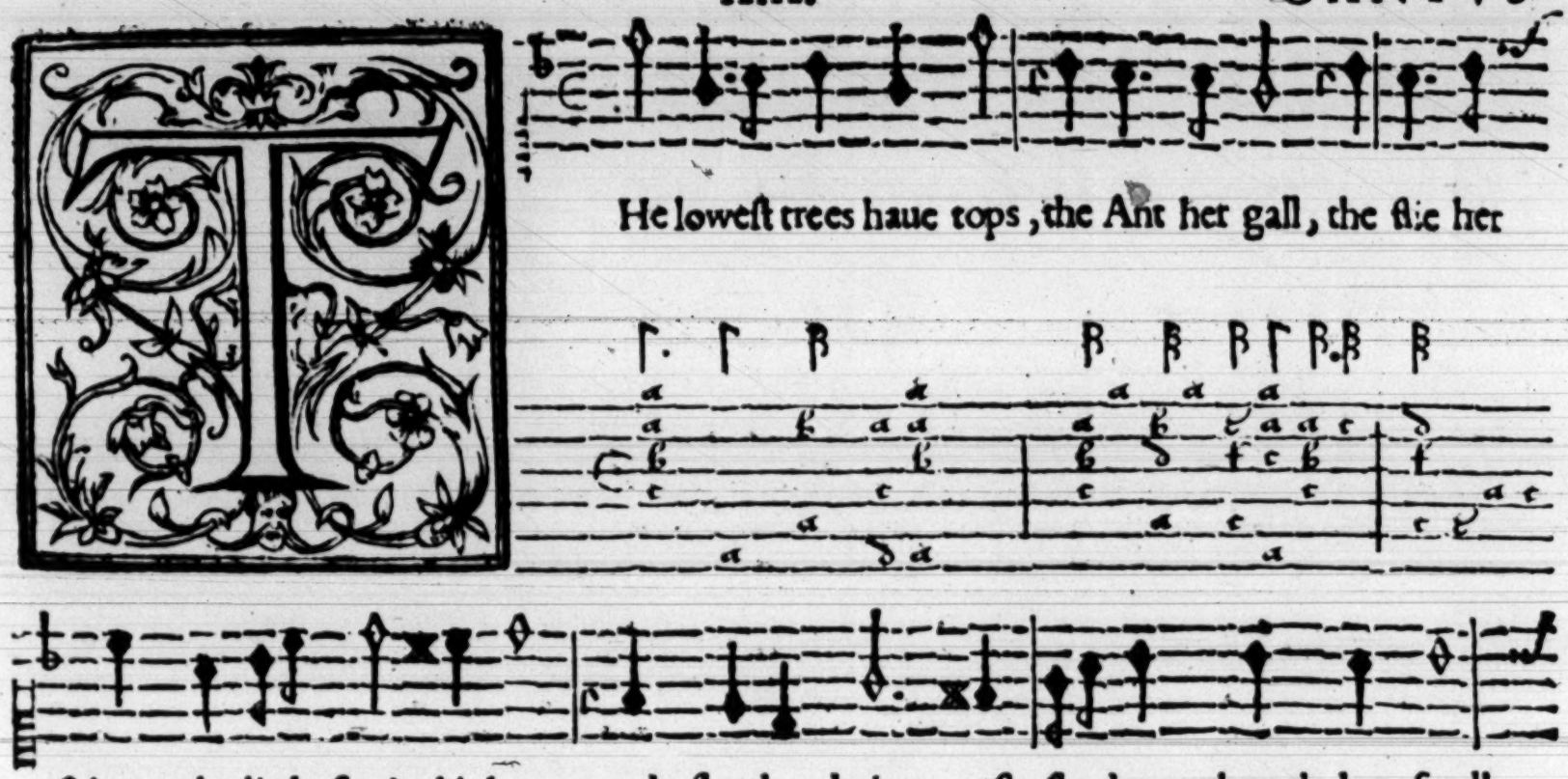
T was a time a time whē filly Bees could speak, and in that time I was a filly Bee, who fed on time vntill my heart gan breake, yet neuer found the time would fauour me. Of all the fwarme I only I only did not thriue, yet brought I waxe and honey to the hiue.

TENOR.

T was a time a time whē filly Bees could speak, and in ỳ time I was a fil- ly Bee, who

fed on time vntil my heart gan breake, yet neuer found the time the time would fauor me, of al

the fwarme the fwarme I only only did not thriue yet brought I waxe & ho- ny to ỳ hiue.



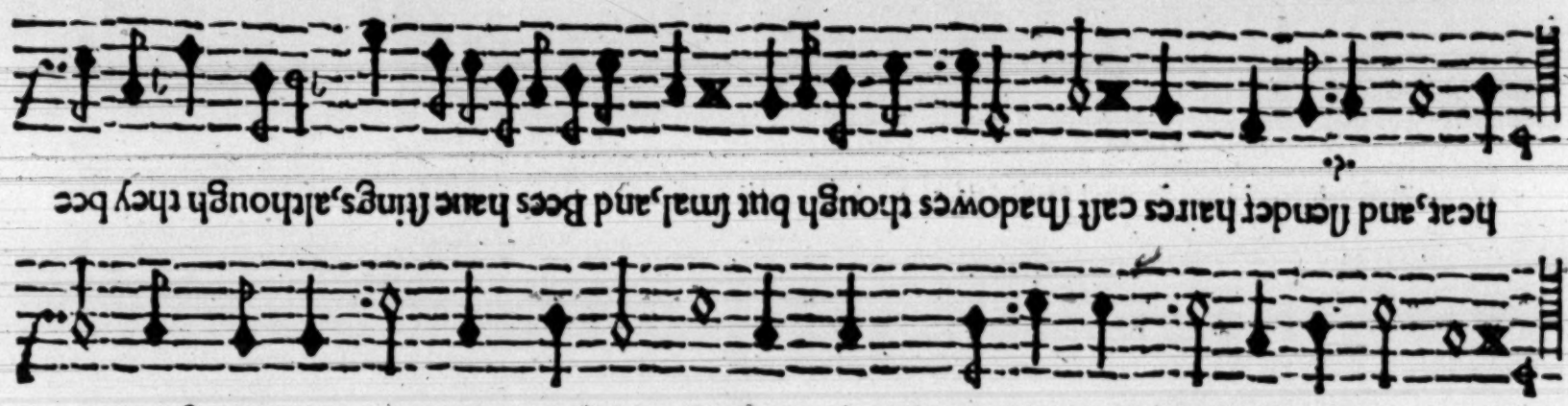
He loweſt trees haue tops, the Ant her gall, the flie her

ſpleene, the little ſparke his heate, and ſlender haires caſt ſhadowes though but ſmall,

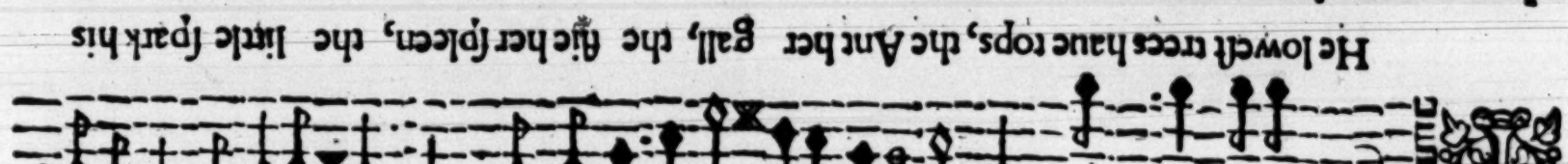
and Bees haue ſtings although they be not great. Seas haue their ſource, and ſo haue ſhallowe

ſprings, and loue is loue in beggers and in kings.

Where waters ſmootheſt run, deep are the foords,
The diall ſtirres, yet none perceiues it moue:
The firmeſt faith is in the feweſt words,
The Turtles cannot ſing, and yet they loue,
True hearts haue eyes and eares, no tongues to ſpeake:
They heare, and ſee, and ſigh, and then they breake.



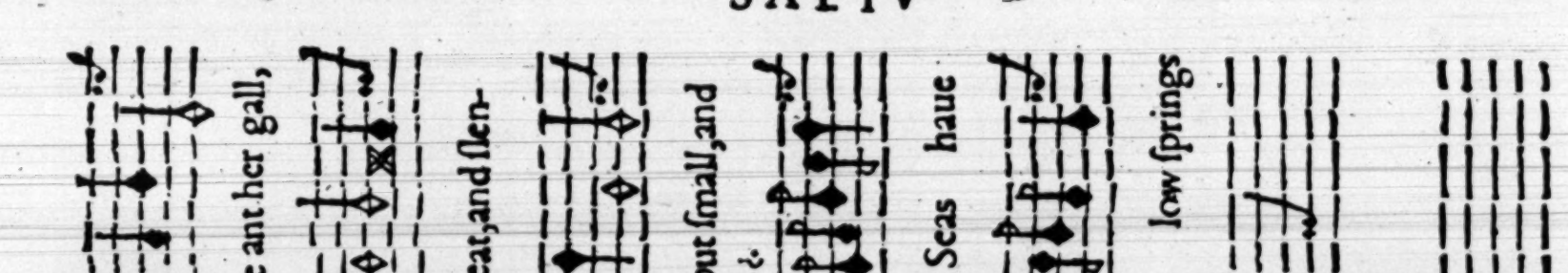
heat, and slender haires cast shadowes though but smal, and Bees haue stings, although they be



nor great, Seas haue their source, & so haue shallow springs that- low springs, and loue is loue

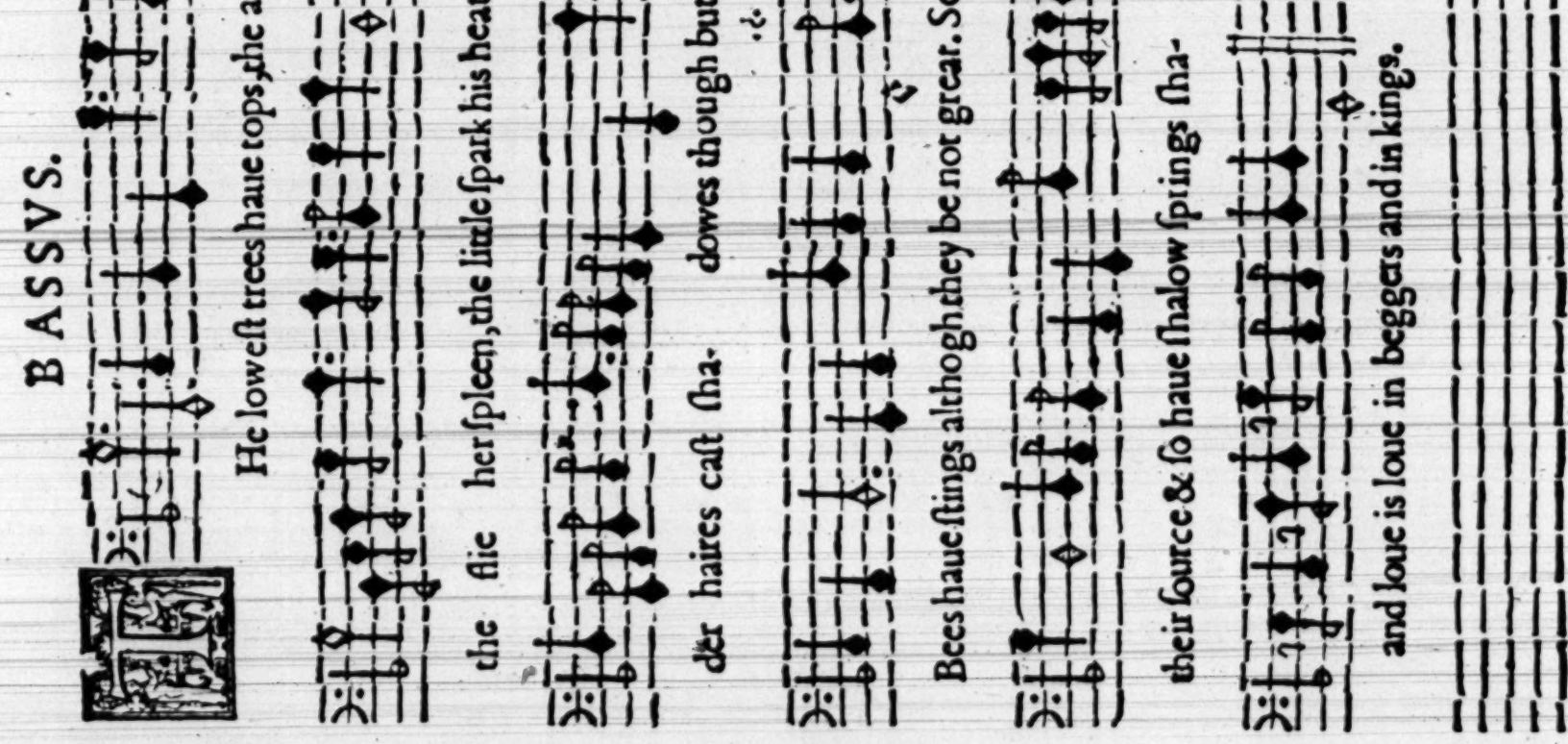
in beggers and in kings.

ALTVS.



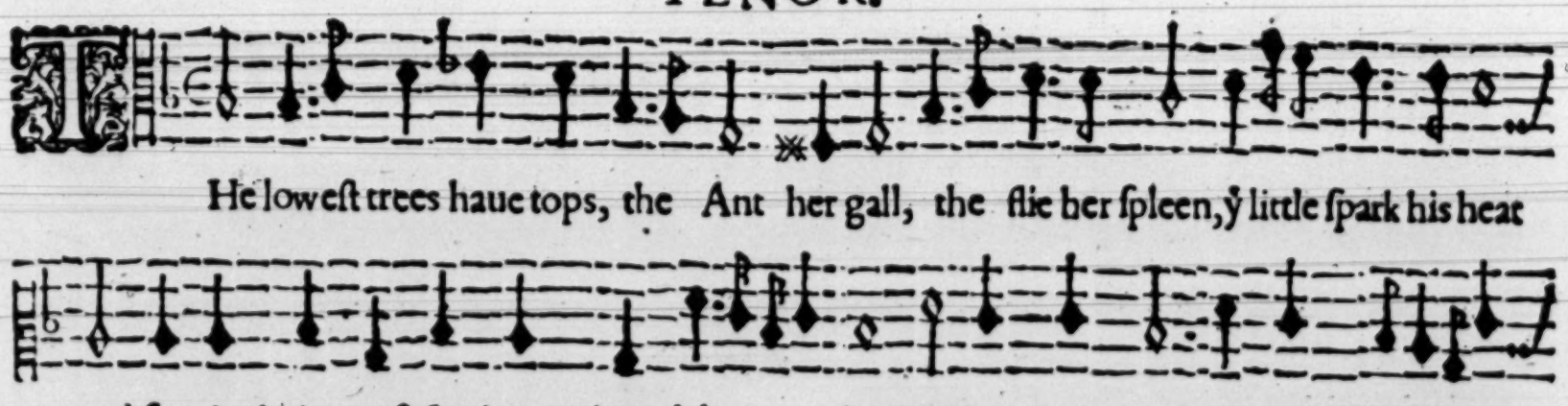
He lowest trees haue tops, the Ant her gall, the flie her spleen, the little spark his heat, and slender haires cast shadowes though but smal, and Bees haue stings although they be nor great, Seas haue their source, & so haue shalow springs low springs and loue is loue in beggers and in kings.

BASSVS.

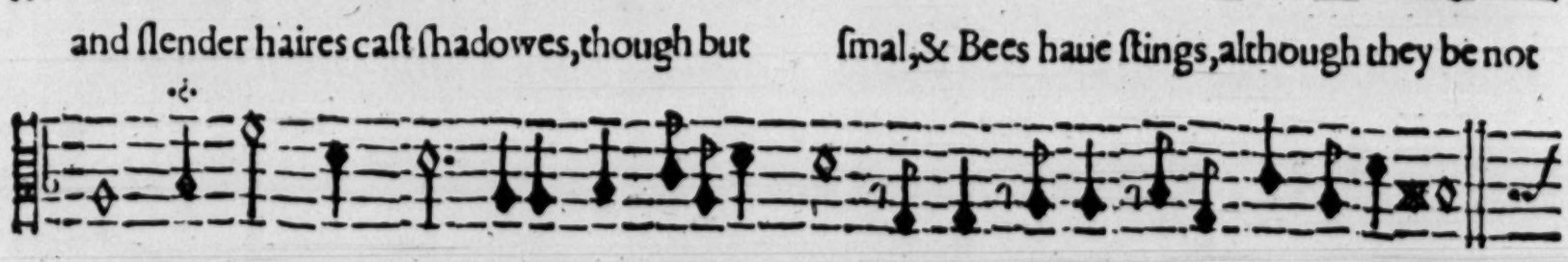


He lowest trees haue tops, the ant her gall, the flie her spleen, the little spark his heat, and slender haires cast shadowes though but small, and Bees haue stings although they be nor great, Seas haue their source, & so haue shalow spings low springs and loue is loue in beggers and in kings.

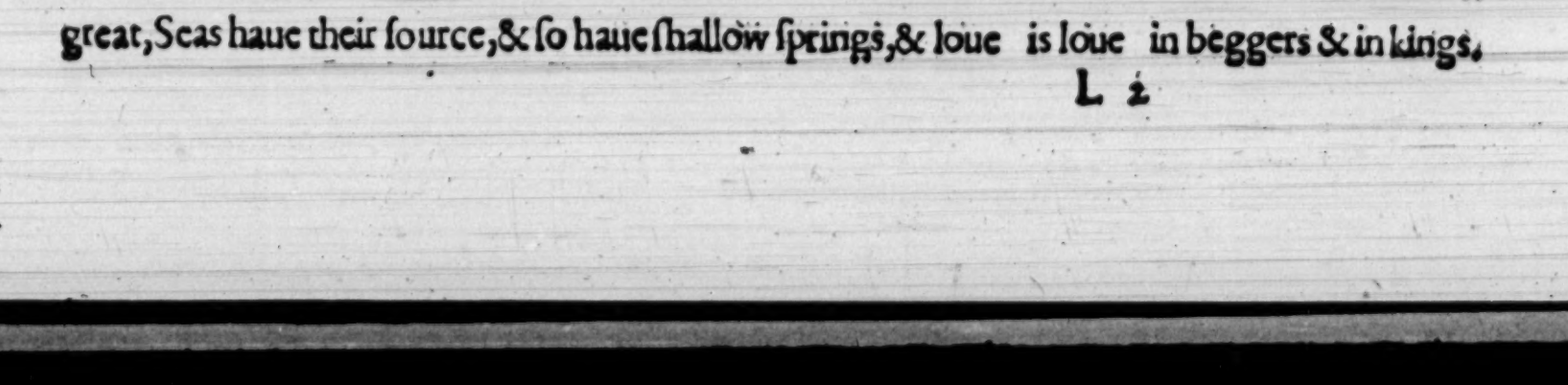
TENOR.



He lowest trees haue tops, the Ant her gall, the flie her spleen, ỹ little spark his heat

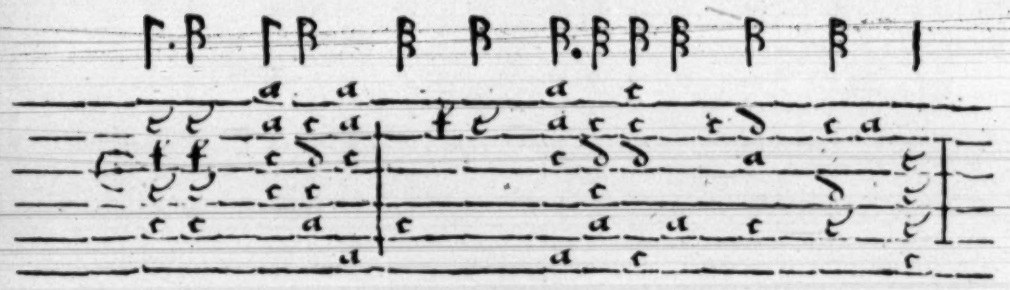


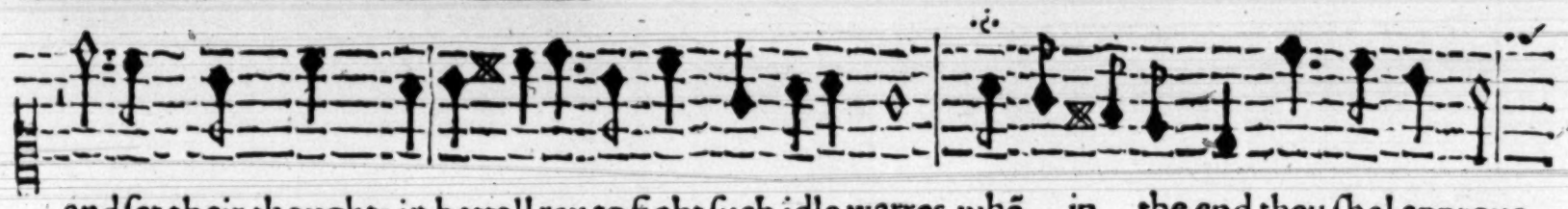
and slender haires cast shadowes, though but smal, & Bees haue stings, although they be not



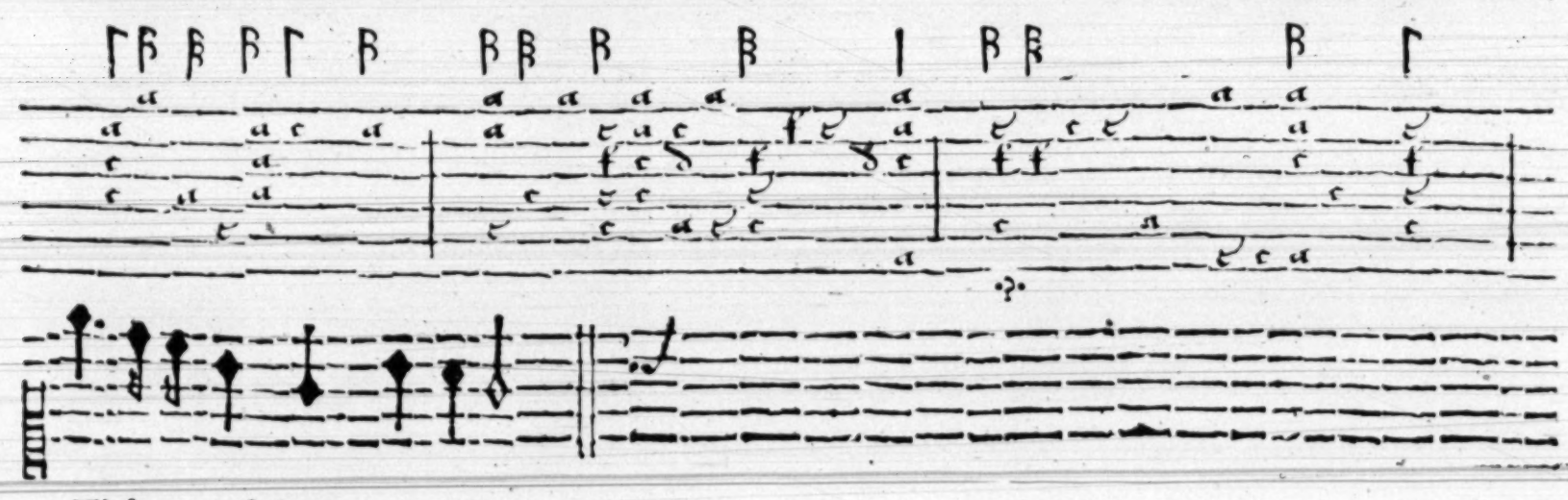
great, Seas haue their source, & so haue shallow springs, & loue is loue in beggers & in kings.

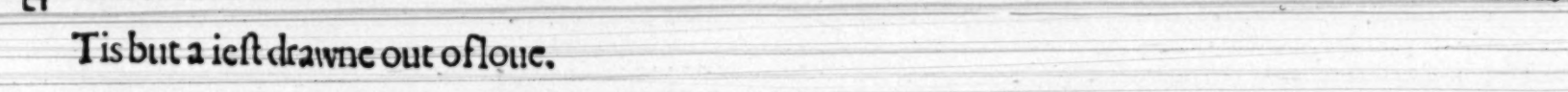
Hat poore Aſtronomers are they, take womēs eies for ſtars



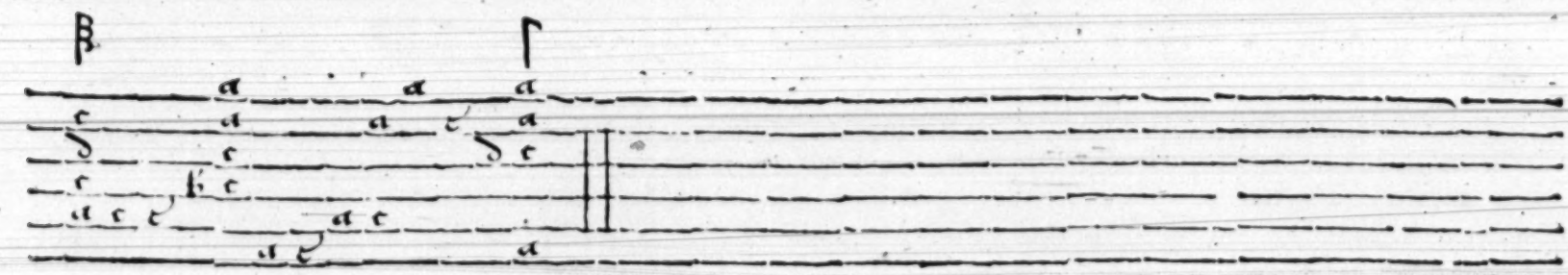


and ſet their thoughts in battell ray to fight ſuch idle warres, whē in the end they ſhal approue,





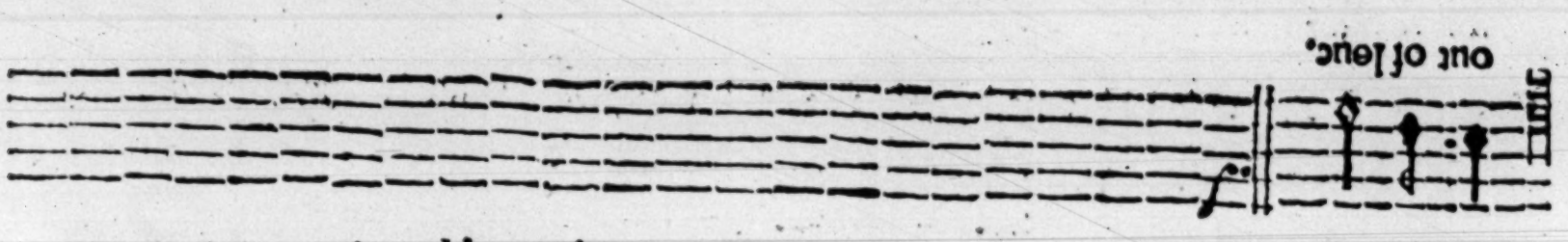
Tis but a ieſt drawne out of loue.



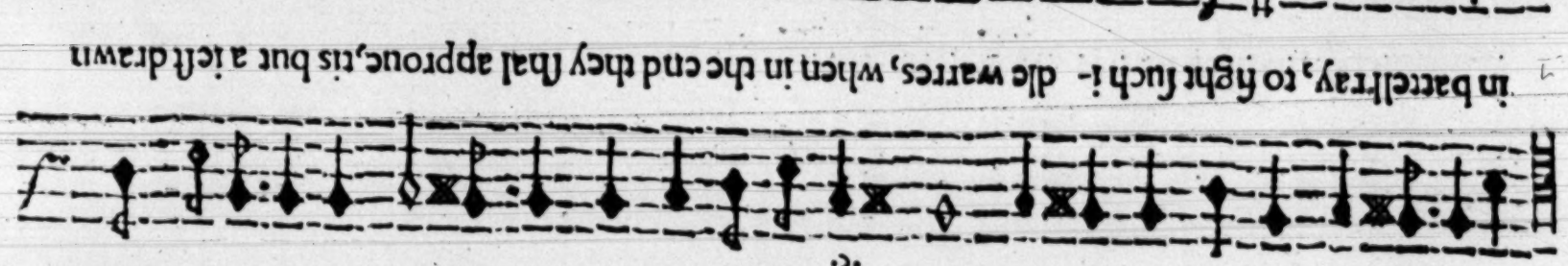
2 And loue it ſelfe is but a ieaſt.
Deuiſde by idle heads,
To catch yong fancies in the neaſt,
And lay it in fooles beds.
That being hatcht in beauties eyes,
They may be fledge ere they be wiſe.

3 But yet it is a ſport to ſee
How wit will run on wheeles,
While wit cannot perſwaded be
With that which reaſon feeles:
That womens eyes and ſtarres are odde,
And loue is but a fained god.

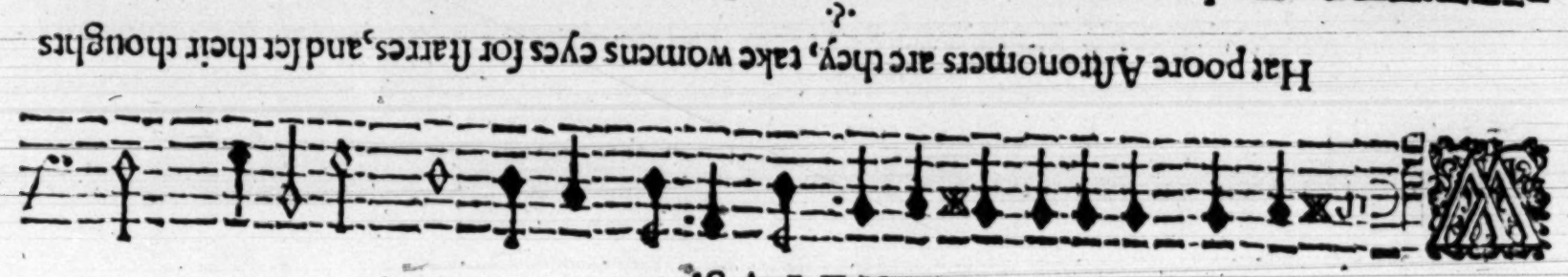
4 But ſuch as will run mad with will,
I cannot cleare their ſight:
But leaue them to their ſtudie ſtill,
To looke where is no light.
Till time too late we make them trie,
They ſtudy falſe Aſtronomie.



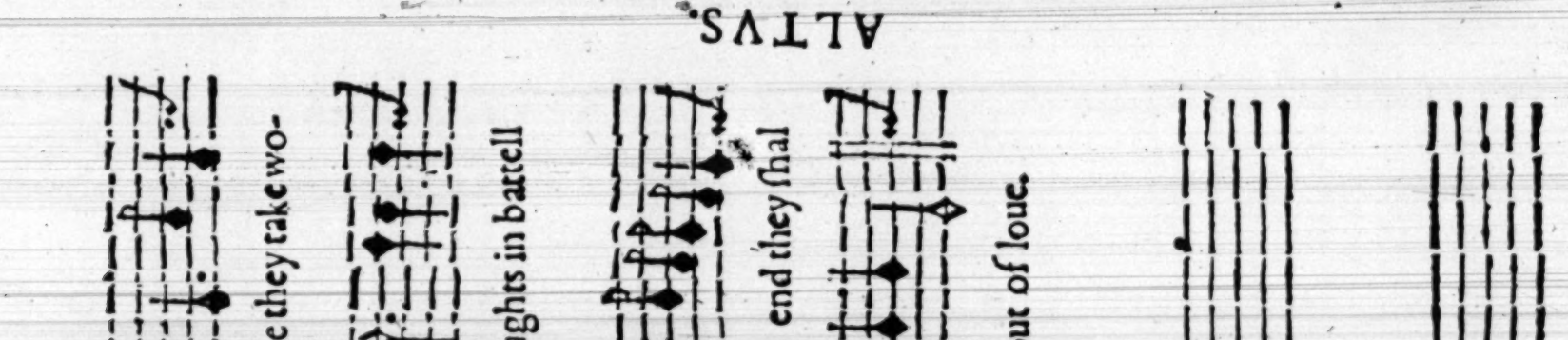
out of loue.



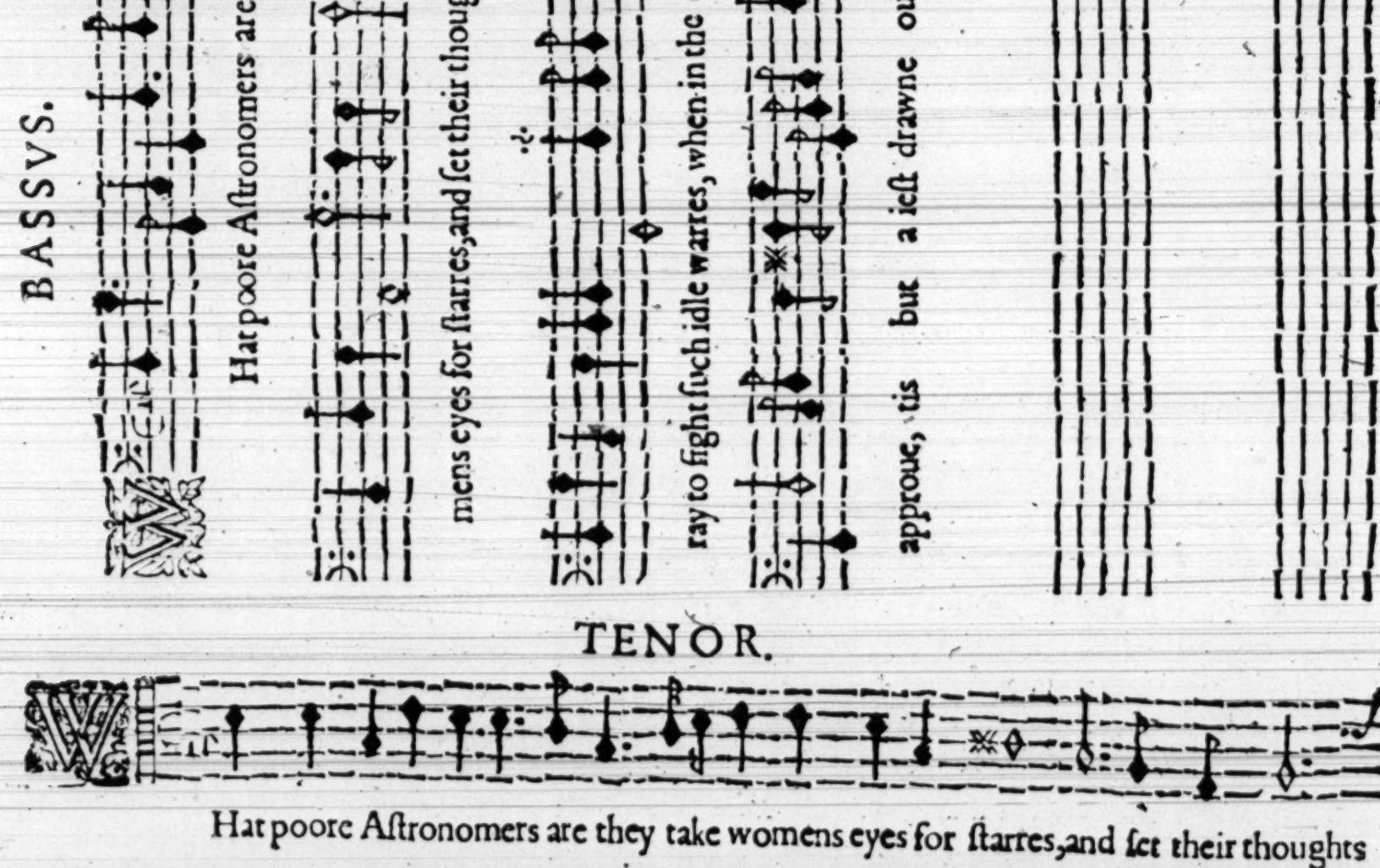
in battell ray, to fight ſuch i- dle warres, when in the end they ſhal approue, tis but a ieſt drawn



Har poore Aſtronomers are they, take womens eyes for ſtarres, and ſet their thoughts



ALTVS.



BASSVS.

Har poore Aſtronomers are they take wo-

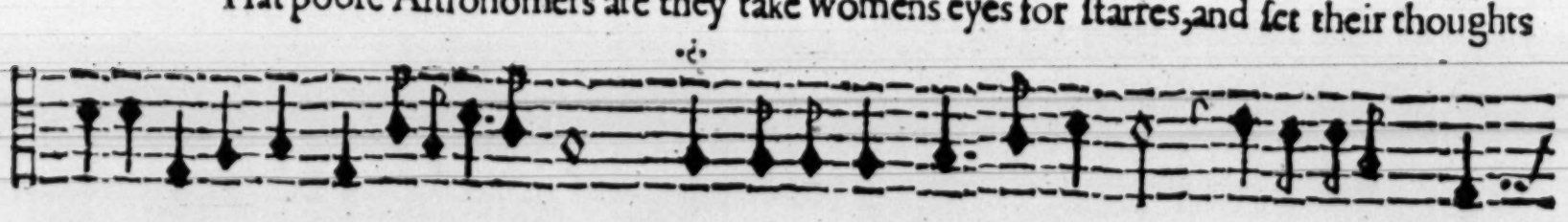
mens eyes for ſtarres, and ſet their thoughts in battell

ray to fight ſuch idle warres, when in the end they ſhal

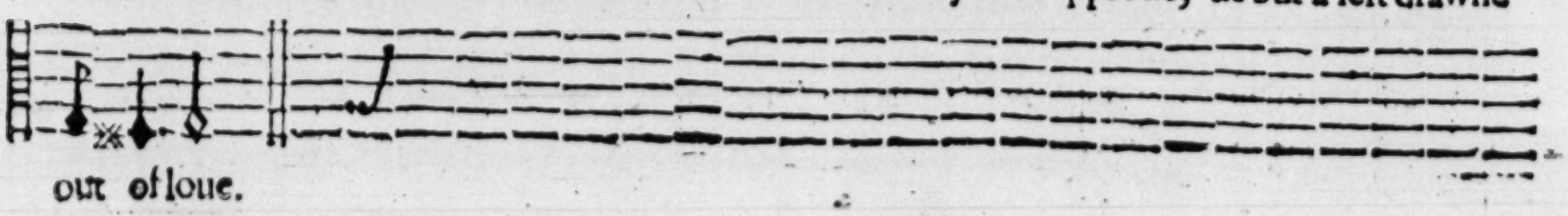
approue, tis but a ieſt drawne out of loue.

TENOR.

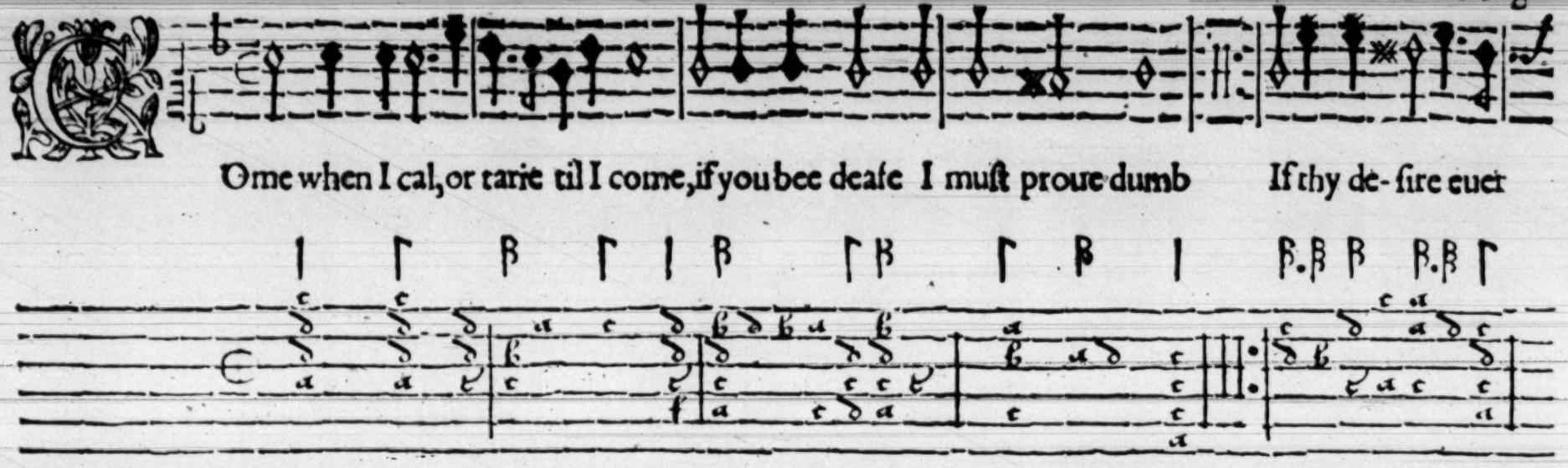
Har poore Aſtronomers are they take womens eyes for ſtarres, and ſet their thoughts



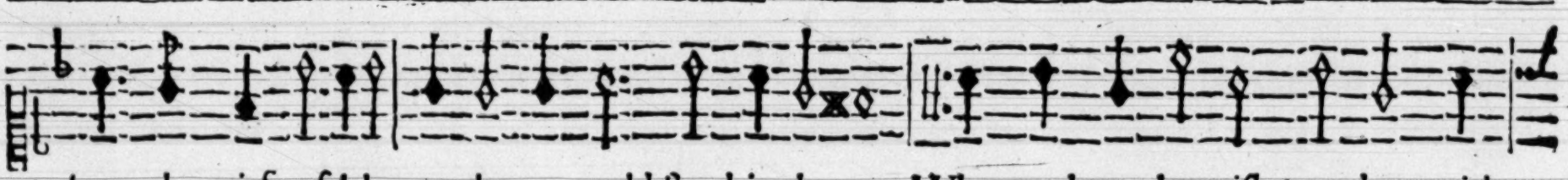
in battell ray, to fight ſuch idle warres. When in the end they ſhall approue, tis but a ieſt drawne



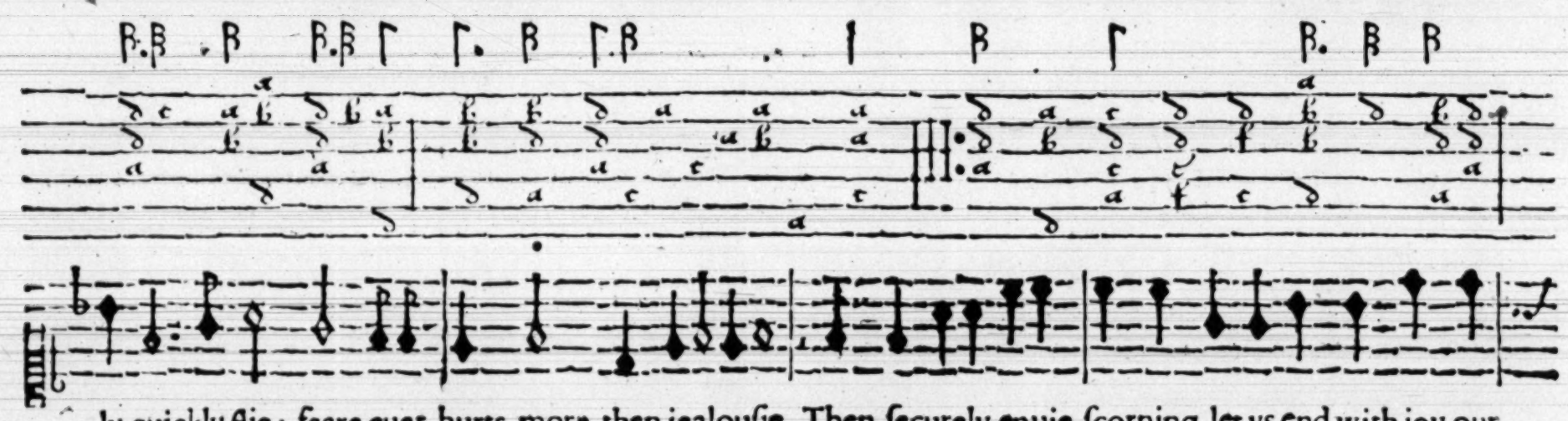
out of loue.



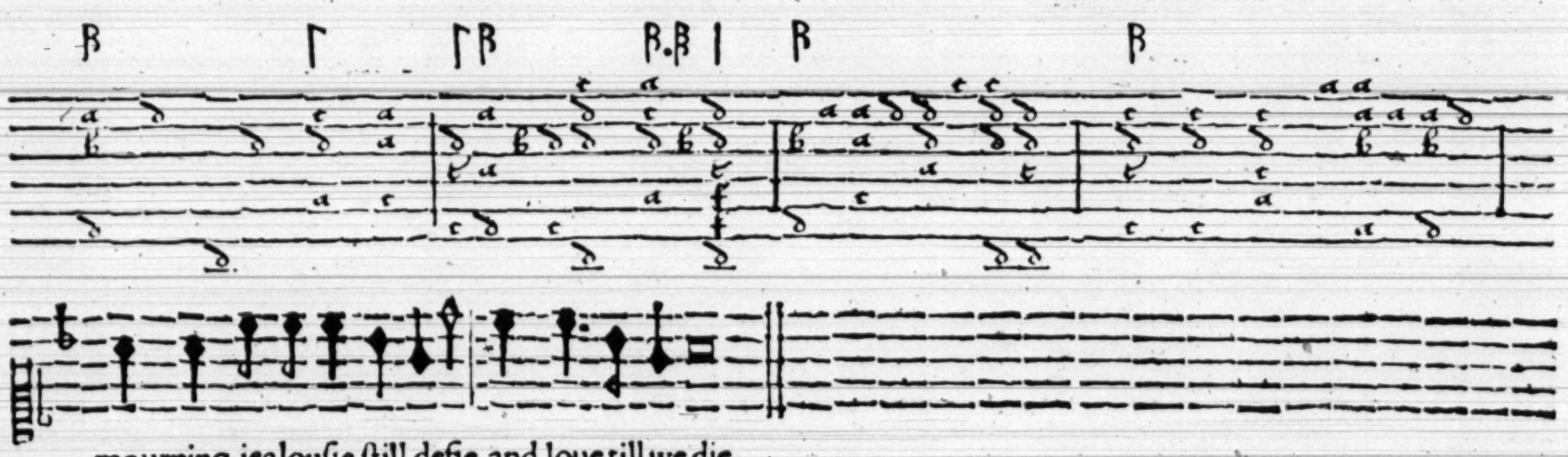
Come when I cal, or tarie til I come, if you bee deafe I muſt proue dumb If thy de-ſire euer



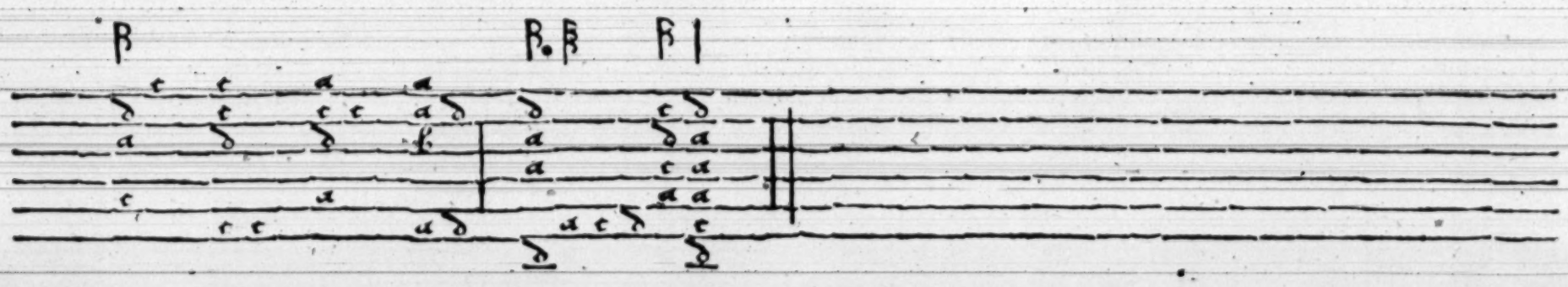
knew the griefe of delay, no danger could ſtand in thy way. What need wee languiſh? can loue quick-

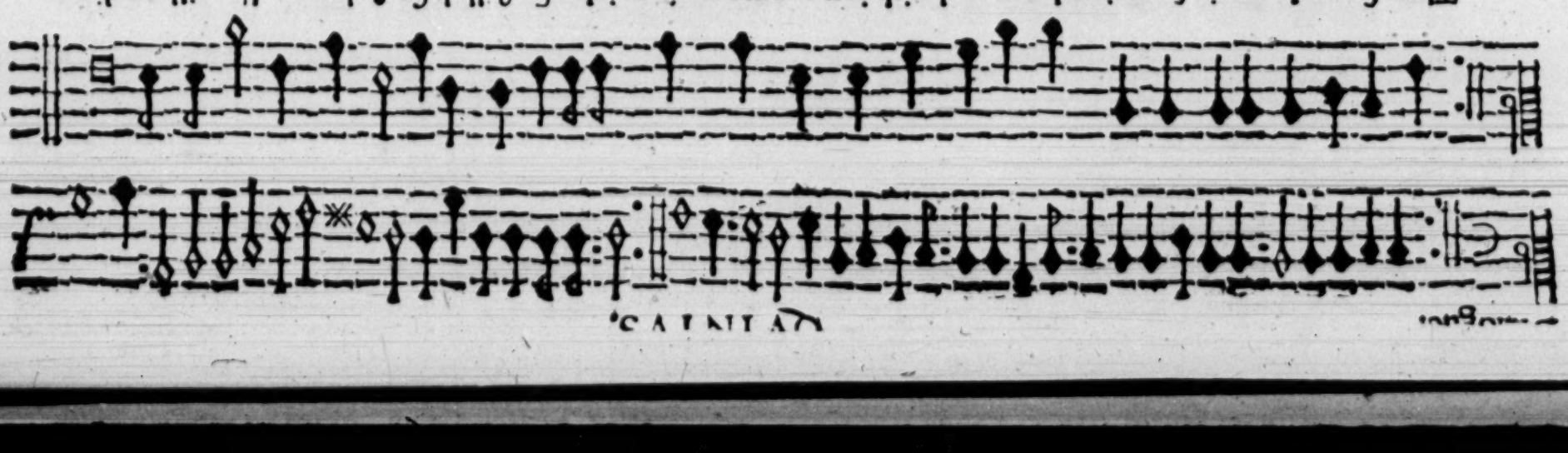


ly quickly flie: feare euer hurts more then iealouſie. Then ſecurely enuie ſcorning, let vs end with ioy our



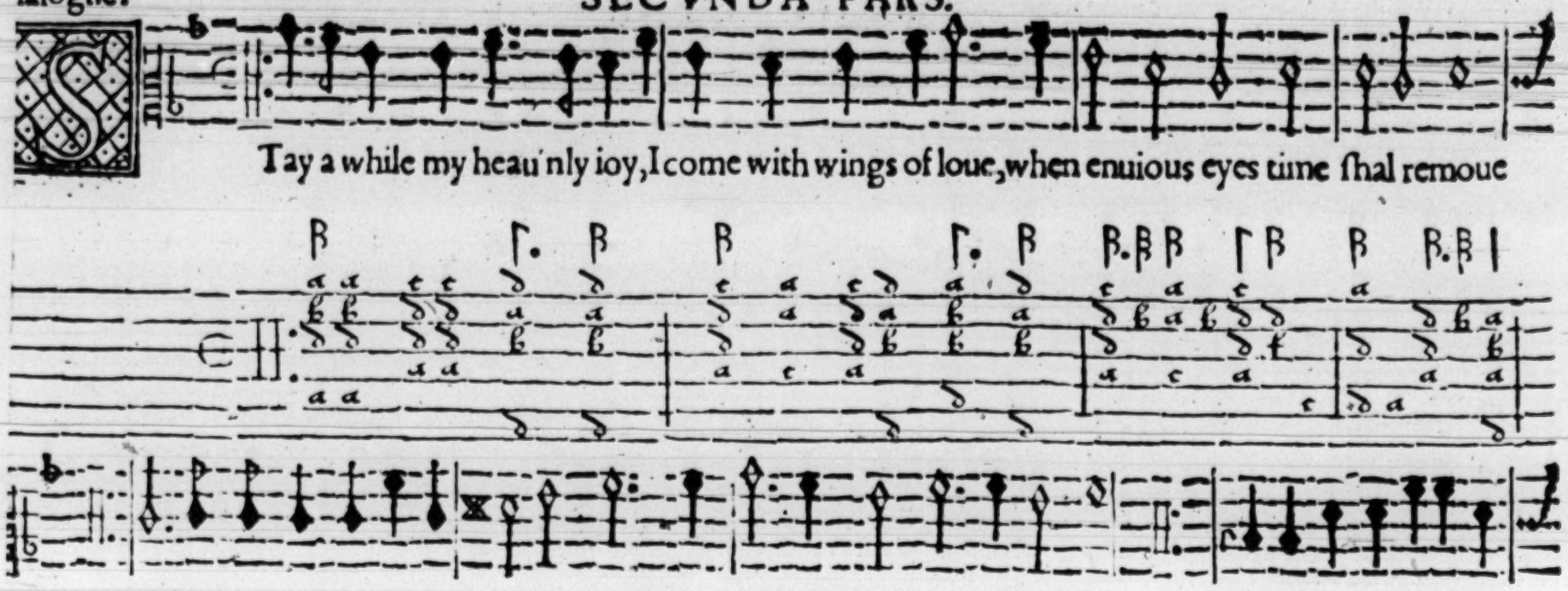
mourning, iealouſie ſtill defie, and loue till we die.



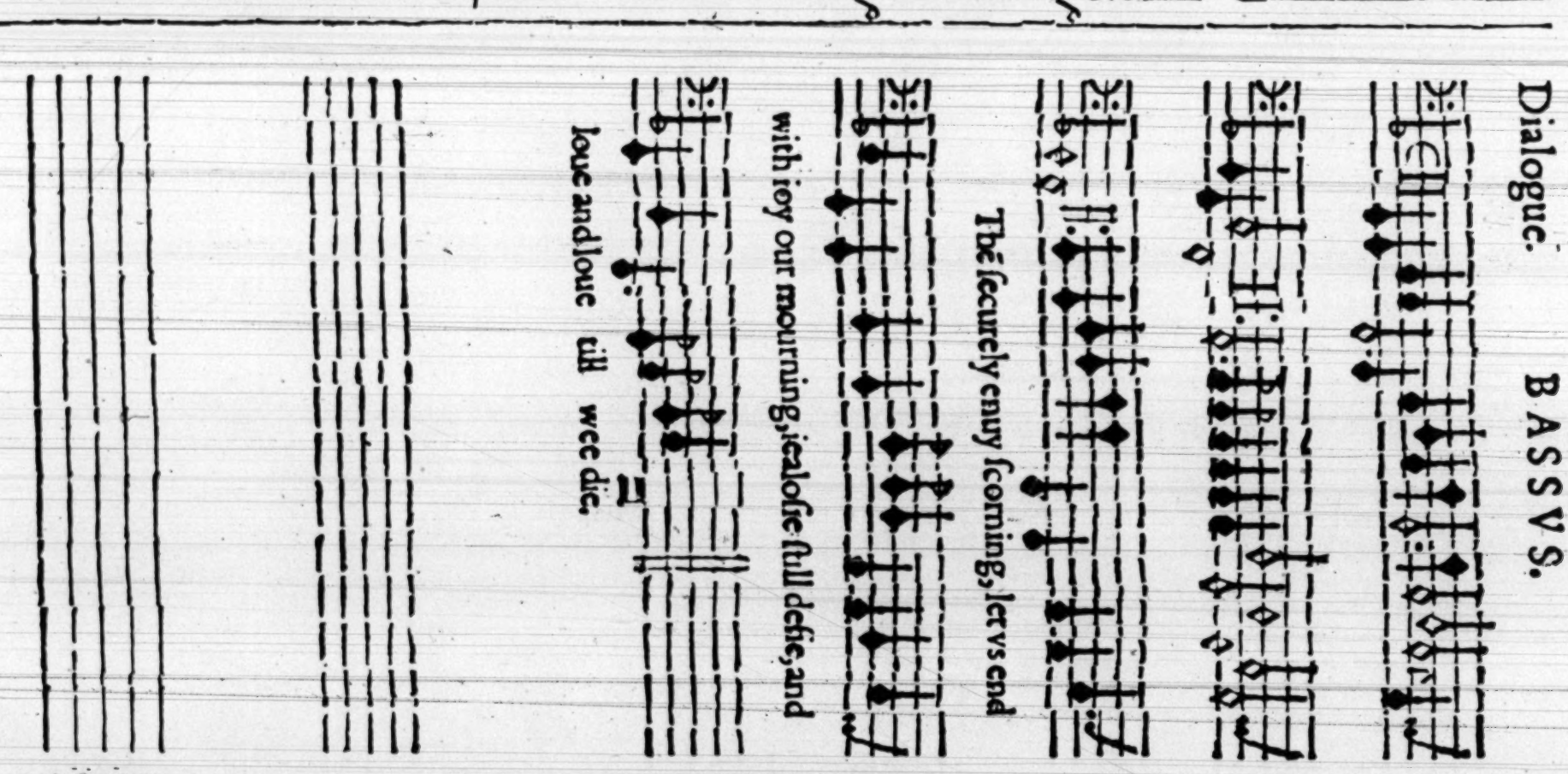
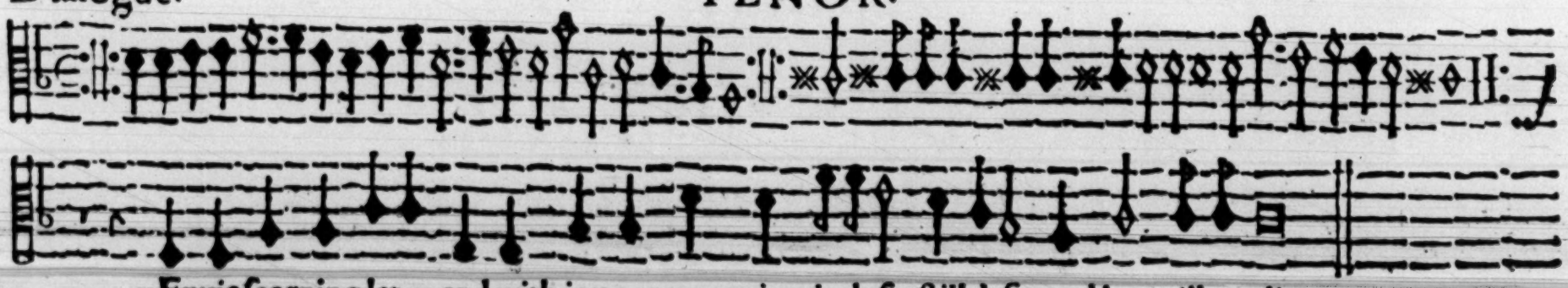


Then ſecurely enuie ſcorning, let vs end with ioy our mourning, iealouſie ſtill defie, & loue :|: till we die.

SECVNDA PARS.



Dialogue. BASSVS.



Dialogue. TENOR.